September 27, 1949

The Reporter

A fortnightly of facts and ideas

25¢

Politics vs. the People – *and other features*

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An Italian family at dinner

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Volume 1, No. 12

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Politics vs. the People

You look at the cold and stately documents that are issued by governments all over the world—and they are formal, even when they talk about civil war, or starvation or disease. Or you look at statistics—and they count up men and women by the million, but they never look into a single human heart. With such material it is difficult to do political writing. The available documentation seems factual; it is unendurably abstract.

In this issue, *The Reporter* looks at three women—a German, a Greek, an Italian—because we believe that the only way to measure any act, any plan, any value, is to see how it affects the immeasurable quality of the individual.

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Editorial

Politics vs. the People

It is too bad that in a democracy there cannot be anything like a political Securities and Exchange Commission with authority to examine and certify the projects of political promoters. But no democracy can survive unless the people develop their own sales resistance to the enticing schemes of any prospectors after power who are bent on exploiting first the people's hopes and then the people's lives.

Perhaps there is no more important problem in our day. Can the peoples we have liberated learn to resist the temptations of reckless political speculators? Will the Germans again fall for the allurements of remorseless charlatans and be robbed once more of their chance to live and work in peace? Are the peoples of Asia, still on their honeymoon with nationhood, going to allow their belated independence to be stolen by an imperial power that will again make them native colonials?

We should know, by now, the immeasurably high price that people in some European countries are paying for having put their faith in political swindlers; part of that price has been and is still being paid by us. And while we are engaged in political and economic rehabilitation of the peoples whom Fascism debauched, alarm signals are pointing out new and greater dangers ahead of us. For it is possible that what we have done may be undone, and that Communism may engulf some of the European and Asiatic nations that now look to us for help.

What is called democratic education or re-education of a country ultimately boils down to this: the development in the people of a sense of sanity and self-interest strong enough to withstand the wiles of political impostors and ideological quacks.

Ham and Eggs

Since a peculiar set of circumstances has made us singularly allergic to ideological blights, we should be able to help other people develop their own allergies. If we could only free ourselves from the ugly remnants of racial and religious discrimination, our political health could become far more contagious than any virus cleverly cultivated by Moscow.

Perhaps the earthy business sense of the American people, more than any other factor, accounts for this political robustness. Nowadays it is difficult to imagine anyone repeating Calvin Coolidge's old epigram that the business of America is business. Yet, the particular outlook of the businessman is still the outlook of the American people: the deep-seated belief that nobody does anything for nothing, that it is not wrong to drive a hard bargain, and that, after all, the profit motive governs human actions, for the only alternative to it would be the loss motive. Rather than soar to the heights of any world outlook, or *Weltanschauung*, our politicians stick to their cotton growers' or coal miners' or veterans' outlook. This abstinence from ideologies, this matter-of-fact recognition of the primacy of economic interests, at the same time hinders the emergence of national leaders and gives a granitic foundation to our democracy.

There are, of course, and there have always been since the beginning of American history, promoters of wildcat economic reforms, prospectors staking out a claim to paradise. But the prospect of paradise is always accompanied by a promise of cash advance. It may be a Ham and Egg scheme or a comfortable pension for everybody, but whatever it is these homespun reformers never drop the dollar sign.

Common Man and Uomo Qualunque

Constitutions and Bills of Rights are supposed to protect people from the abuses of the men in power and from the recklessness of those who want to overthrow the existing order and take power. Constitutions are designed to impose some rule on the game of politics, and Bills of Rights define the areas of personal privacy upon which politicians, in or out of power, are not supposed to encroach. In our times, generous men and women have drafted a Universal Declaration of Human Rights that was approved by the General Assembly of the United Nations on December 10, 1948. In these times, too, a new word has been added to our vocabulary—genocide.

Unfortunately, with the Constitutions of the Weimar Republic, Republican Spain, and the nations of

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eastern Europe still fresh in our minds, we have reason to be rather skeptical about the miraculous properties of constitutional charters. In quite a number of countries, all over the world, American policy can exert a far more stabilizing influence than any constitutional charter, no matter how perfectly democratic. At the same time American policy can help create the conditions under which a good constitution can work. We cannot ask our State Department to become a political SEC with worldwide jurisdiction, but the responsible American press can assume the task of scrutinizing and certifying the politicians of foreign countries.

If we have adequate information about conditions abroad, we can learn to recognize quickly when people are in danger of being deceived by nefarious schemes or by flattery. Flattery has always been one of the most successful ways of ruining a people. "To worship the people is to be worshipped," Bacon said.

A recurring type of patronizing flattery is the appeal to the "common" man, possibly as distinguished from the uncommon, or to the "plain" people, probably as distinguished from the fancy. The vogue for the "common man" has proved to be rather short-lived in America, for it was soon used to lure people toward the Communist left. In Italy, a movement called *l'uomo Qualunque*, or The Common Man, grew up rapidly after the war and then rapidly melted away when it became clear that the revolt of The Common Man against politics was an attempt to bring the people back into the arms of the politicians of the extreme right.

Politics is always potentially dangerous to the people, unless it is in the hands of men who care and have respect for people. The tools devised to link the government and the individual are always likely to cut into the people's flesh and bone, unless the power of the rulers is restrained by respect for people. This is why Lincoln was such a great man. To re-establish the Union, he exerted his supreme power with a firmness that was equaled only by his concern for the people.

A Man Who Cares for People

We always use such figures of speech as government, nation, or sovereignty, but people are the reality of what is figured in our speech. Winston Churchill, perhaps more than any other great statesman of our time, seems to be particularly possessed by this idea.

"What then is the overall strategic concept to which we should subscribe today?" he asked in his Fulton speech. "It is nothing less than the safety and welfare, the freedom and progress, of all the homes and families, of all the men and women in all the land. And here I speak particularly of the myriad cottage or apartment homes, where the wage earner strives amid the accidents and difficulties of life to guard his wife and children from privation.

"When the designs of wicked men, or the aggressive urge of mighty states dissolve over large areas the frame of civilized society, humble folk are confronted with difficulties with which they cannot cope. For them all is distorted, all is broken or is even ground to pulp."

When, in June, 1941, Soviet Russia was invaded by Hitler's armies, Churchill said: "I see the Russian soldiers standing on the threshold of their native land, guarding the fields which their fathers have tilled from time immemorial. I see them guarding their homes, their mothers and wives pray, ah, yes, for there are times when all pray for the safety of their loved ones, for the return of the breadwinner, of the champion, of their protectors. I see the ten thousand villages of Russia, where the means of existence was wrung so hardly from the soil, but where there are still primordial human joys, where maidens laugh and children play."

This Issue

These days, eventful and, probably, irreparable decisions are being reached in Washington, decisions that will affect the standards of living and the political sanity of millions of human beings in the British Isles and all over the European continent. In a few weeks Pandit Nehru will arrive here, to remind us that in Asia too there are hundreds of millions of men and women who might fall victim to deadly political blights, unless they receive a measure of assistance from the healthiest and wealthiest of nations.

Statesmen may be overawed by the disproportion between their frailty and the problems they have to tackle. Or they may feel superior to these problems, and drive through them with the robot-like soullessness of their ideologies. In the first case, they will fail for lack of courage. In the second, they will clash with each other. They can find their way and reach agreement if they remember that they are the caretakers for a very large number of men and women, who are made of the same stuff as they are, and who, if the politicians fail, will pay with their resources and their lives.

It is at this moment that *The Reporter* dedicates most of an issue to the tales of human beings caught in the whirlwinds of war and revolution. It describes how the ills of our times have fallen upon people: in the Abruzzi, in Greece, in Germany, in our Far West, and on a golf course in Peekskill. —M. A.

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A Piece of Bread and a Tin Coffin

This old peasant woman, Caterina of the Stonebreakers, who has been causing some worry recently to the authorities in my parish, is by no means stupid or in any way eccentric; she is simply a peasant woman like any other, with all the faults and all the virtues of peasant women; and if until lately the representatives of authority in our district were unaware of her very existence, this was precisely because she had always minded her own business and that of her family, like an ant in the anthill or a sheep in the flock. To keep oneself from starving, to bring children into the world and rear them, is no mean achievement; the rest is vanity, temptation, folly.

In the last earthquake Caterina lost her home, her husband, and three children (as well as the donkey); one child was left to her, and her brother, a widower. It was not the first time that our part of the country had been shaken by an earthquake; indeed, the ruins of houses destroyed by earthquake in former times can even yet be seen on the mountainside; and similar cataclysms will probably continue to occur in the future. Nothing could be more frightful, or more natural. For no apparent reason the earth begins to tremble, and thousands of homes collapse, thousands of families perish, all in the space of a few seconds. And since no one is without sin, no one dares to show amazement or to raise his voice in protest. The rubble is cleared, the dead are buried, and everything begins afresh. Families, houses, villages, all are rebuilt.

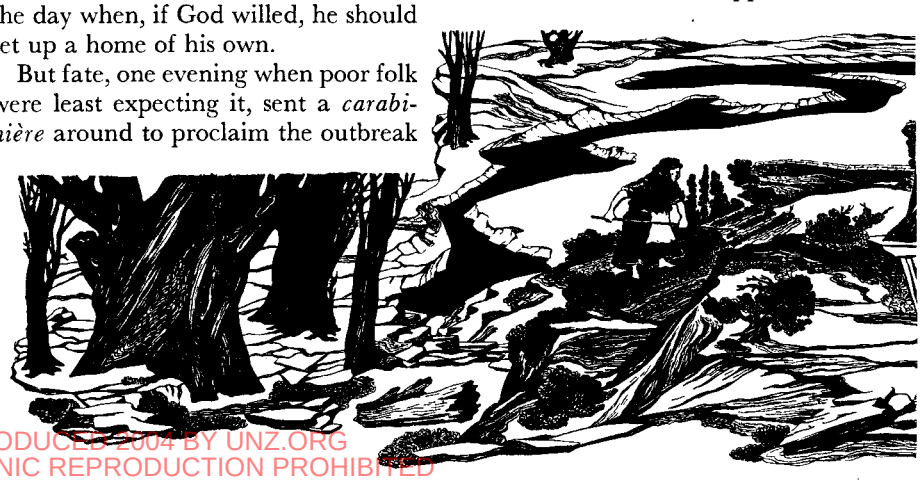
Thus Caterina, together with her son and her brother Cosimo, in a few years gradually rebuilt her home; because you must know that her brother is a stonebreaker, like all the men in that family, but he can turn his hand to bricklaying too. During the day, Cosimo earned his living at the quarry, breaking up stones to pave the roads, and in the evening and on Sundays, instead of resting, he worked with Caterina and her son at rebuilding their home: a little rustic house, with a stable for the donkey on the ground floor, and two rooms and a kitchen on the first floor. At the bottom of the valley, near the river, Caterina also owned a small plot of land where she grew vegetables; and when she was not at home, or drawing water at the fountain, or in church, she was invariably to be found hoeing away at that little piece of land.

She continued to lead this strenuous life even in her old age, when her son had grown up, and, following in his father's steps, had in his turn become a stonebreaker. When every member of a little family has employment, that family can consider itself fortunate, no matter how hard the labor may be or how meager the earnings. And indeed, Caterina and Cosimo managed between them, despite their age, to provide for the needs of the family, thus enabling the young man to put aside his miserable stonebreaker's wages for the day when, if God willed, he should set up a home of his own.

But fate, one evening when poor folk were least expecting it, sent a *carabinière* around to proclaim the outbreak of a new war, and to order the young men to join up. For the poor, wars are like earthquakes: No one knows when or how they are going to happen; and since it is a matter of fate, protests are of no avail. It was out of the question for old Caterina to take her son's place at stonebreaking, which has never been work for women's hands; but neither could she resign herself to the notion that the little flow of savings for her son's wedding should cease; and she pleaded so hard with her brother that he finally let her take over the wearisome task of guiding the donkey laden with broken stones from the quarry at the bottom of the valley as far as the main road, halfway up the mountainside.

The path leads through an oak wood; for a good part of the way it is steep and stony, and Caterina had to climb it a couple of times each day. In addition she had, of course, to work constantly at her vegetable-plot; for the growing of vegetables requires, as our peasants say, "a dead man," *l'uomo morto;* it requires unbroken daily attention. The poor old woman had barely enough time left over to say her prayers, and indeed there were evenings when, overcome by fatigue, she would fall asleep while saying the rosary.

The first time she came to the notice of the authorities, it happened in a



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strange way. Caterina and Cosimo were sitting on the doorstep eating the soup that formed their evening meal, holding the soup bowls on their knees, when a *carabinière* appeared.

"You're accused of something pretty serious," he said without ceremony. "Passing through the wood this afternoon, you were approached by a stranger."

Caterina glanced at the *carabinière,* and then bent over to whisper into her brother's ear.

"Is it to me this man is speaking?" she asked. "What does he want?"

"Yes, it's to you I'm speaking," insisted the *carabinière.* "A man, a stranger, spoke to you when you were coming down the mountainside."

"Well, it's true, and why should I deny it?" said Caterina, setting her bowl down beside her. "Is it forbidden?"

"And what's more, you gave him a piece of bread," went on the *carabinière.*

"That's no sin, to my knowledge," said the woman in astonishment. "To my knowledge, anyhow, it's not a sin to tell in confession."

"Didn't you notice," pursued the *carabinière,* "that the man was an enemy soldier?"

"Enemy? What does he mean?" the woman asked her brother, her curiosity aroused. "Begging your pardon," she said, turning to the *carabinière,* "whose enemy would he be?"

"Our enemy," explained the *carabinière,* growing angry. "Your enemy too."

"My enemy?" answered the woman in bewilderment. "Begging your pardon, I never laid eyes on that poor fellow until today, and maybe I'll never lay eyes on him again. And besides, you know, I've got no time for enemies. Everyone knows how my days are spent."

"I want an answer," shouted the *carabinière.* "Why did you give that man your bread?"

"Because he was hungry," said the woman simply, turning to her brother. "And he too," she added, to the *carabinière,* "is a mother's son, just as you are. If you could have seen his hunger when he bit into that poor piece of bread! I've got no reason to boast of that little act of charity, that's certain; but I don't think it's anything to be ashamed of, either."

"In other words, you admit the deed," concluded the bored *carabinière,* in an effort to end the discussion.

"The one thing I firmly believe," said the woman, "is: Do no evil and you need fear nothing."

But she was hastily interrupted by her brother. It was as though a dumb man had found his tongue.

"We admit nothing," he said angrily. "Nothing at all. We're tired and we're off to bed now. Apart from that we admit nothing."

The *carabinière* thought for a moment, then said: "I'm sorry, but this thing has happened and I've got to write a report about it. You don't understand what it all means, but I've got to keep on the safe side."

That *carabinière* cannot have been such a bad sort after all, because he kept out of the way for quite some time; and Caterina, for her part, had so many other worries that after a while she thought no more of her strange encounter and the absurd reasoning of those in authority.

A few months later, in the same circumstances as before, when Caterina and her brother were sitting on the doorstep eating their soup, the *carabinière* reappeared.

"You know," he said with a smile, to Caterina, "quite a few things have changed in the meanwhile, and that matter you were accused of is no longer an offense—quite the contrary."

Caterina bent over to whisper into her brother's ear.

"Is it to me this man is speaking?" she asked. "What does he want?"

"Yes, it's to you I'm speaking," repeated the *carabinière* with a smile. "I want to tell you that in the meanwhile things have changed."

"What has changed?" cried the brother. "Nothing at all. Stones are still hard and rain is still wet."

"In the city things have changed," explained the *carabinière.*

"We don't read the newspapers," answered Caterina guardedly. "We're

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poor folks; we've got to mind our own business."

"Things have changed," the *carabinière* insisted. "The ones who used to be our allies are our enemies now. So what seemed, a few months ago, to be a crime on your part . . ."

"Forgive me," interrupted Caterina, "do you really think that poor piece of bread is still worth talking about? I assure you it was just an ordinary piece of bread, a piece of black bread, the kind we country folks eat; and it was a starving man that ate it. Why do you want to come troubling my peace of mind all over again for such an ordinary matter?"

"On the contrary, I beg your pardon," the *carabinière* tried to explain, "You deserve a reward, a diploma, a medal. I advise you to make an application to the superior authorities. I repeat, things have changed in the meanwhile, and the difference between good and evil has changed too."

"My son," said Caterina in a tone of compassion, "do you really think that good and evil can change?" But her brother took the words up in another way, and asked the *carabinière:*

"Very well, you tell us that things are different now; but what if they change again? What I mean is, these changes—are you really sure they will be the last?"

The *carabinière* tried to cover up his embarrassment with an outburst of anger.

"Make up your mind," he shouted at Caterina. "Do you want the medal, or don't you?"

The poor woman tried to pacify him. "I've got it already," she explained. "I've got the Jubilee medal. I got it as a girl, when I went on a pilgrimage to Rome in the Holy Year of 1900. Isn't one medal enough? I'd show it to you now, only I lent it to my son when he went away to the war."

Then it happened that in the summer of 1945 the soldiers began to return to their families, and in this way the peasants understood that the war was over. In order to be on the threshold at the moment of her son's homecoming, Caterina began to neglect her vegetable plot and the carting of broken stones. But the days passed and still there was no sign of him. Then one evening someone brought the news that he had been killed. How? Where? When? He was dead, that much was certain, but the details were somewhat confused. For two weeks, in accordance with local custom, no one saw or heard Caterina; she remained at home, secluded with her grief, and with a few women of the neighborhood for company. And during this time her brother tried to find out something more definite about the disaster. But all he could discover was that the boy had been killed not very far away from the village, when the war was almost at an end or had already ended, and not in a real battle but in a minor encounter or skirmish, something it was hard to understand.

"Where have they buried him?" asked Caterina. "Just anywhere at all, or in a churchyard?"

She went to the parish priest for explanations and advice, but he could give her neither.

"This war was more complicated than other wars," he said. "Some were shot in the forehead, others in the back."

Caterina threw her timidity to the winds and went to the parish clerk. "At least this much I'd like to know," she asked humbly, "that poor son of mine—did they bury him in consecrated ground?"

"I don't understand this curiosity of yours," answered the parish clerk. "He's dead now, so what difference does it make?"

Then Caterina sought out the soldier who had brought the news of the death. And together with him and with the donkey she set off one morning for that part of the countryside where her son had been killed. And a week later the two were seen returning, and in addition, on the donkey's back, there was a long, fairly heavy, tin-plated coffin, which they brought to the village churchyard.

"Couldn't you have left him buried where he was?" said the custodian of the churchyard, with some annoyance. "Now I'll have to notify the parish authorities."

"He wasn't in a churchyard," said Caterina. "They had just thrown him into a ditch, in a chestnut wood, together with others."

"Are you really sure it's he?" asked the custodian.

"Of course I am," answered the mother. "Round his neck he's still wearing the Jubilee medal that I lent him when he went away."

"A fine coffin, that," said the custodian admiringly. "It must have cost a pretty penny."

"It was his own money," explained Caterina, "the money he was saving so as to be able to marry."

The woman returned home and went to bed, utterly worn out. Cosimo was therefore alone on the doorstep when the usual *carabinière* arrived.

"Where's your sister?" he demanded.

"I'm here now," answered Cosimo. "You can talk to me."

"Your sister has put herself against the law," said the *carabinière,* "against several laws, in fact. The transport of the corpse was not carried out in accordance with the regulations."

"It's her son," explained Cosimo.

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"She must appear at once before the district judge," the *carabinière* went on. "She'll have some trouble avoiding a conviction. Where's your sister?"

The *carabinière* took a step forward to enter the house, but Cosimo stood in the doorway. In his hand he held a knife. The two remained facing each other, motionless and silent; the least gesture, whether of fear or of intimidation, would have been enough to provoke a scuffle. But from the darkness within there emerged Caterina. The poor woman had difficulty in keeping on her feet.

"What is happening?" she asked. "Who is looking for me?"

The two men maintained an embarrassed silence.

"What do you want?" asked the old woman of the *carabinière*. "Is it you again?"

Something had to be said.

"He made a mistake; he came to the wrong door," explained her brother. "What could a *carabinière* want in this house? We've always minded our own business."

And so the *carabinière* went away.

—Ignazio Silone

(This story was translated from the Italian by Mrs. Ignazio Silone.)

Fascism and the People

"In every class, among all citizens, nothing is done against the state, nothing is done outside the state. Many have finally opened their eyes to this serene and severe truth; the Italians feel themselves of one fraternity in a great work of justice. The sense of duty, the necessity of action, the manner of civil life mark now an intense reawakening. In Fascism politics is fused into a living moral reality; it is a fate. It is one of those spiritual forces which renovates the history of great enduring peoples.

"I am near to the heart of the masses and listen to its beats. I read its aspiration and interests. I know the virtue of the race. . . . I feel that all Italians understand and love me. . . ."—Mussolini, *My Autobiography*.

"Peoples which are rising, or rising again after a period of decadence, are always imperialist; any renunciation is a sign of decay and death. Fascism is the doctrine best adapted to represent the tendencies and the aspirations of a people, like the people of Italy, who are rising again after many centuries of abasement and foreign servitude."—Mussolini, *The Political and Social Doctrine of Fascism*.

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Maryka Faces Her Seven Judges

Where Athens ends Greece begins—a rock-ribbed, deep-cleft hinterland where people live simply, simply to exist. This is the Greece which a couple of hundred ECA Americans are trying to aid and seldom have time to see. They are too steadily at work, struggling to get a good deal done quickly among a people accustomed to taking a long time to do a little.

They are walled in by their jobs; caught in the skein of Greek political intrigue; blinded by the intense Attic sun and more intense Attic passions; deafened by the claims and counter-claims of Europe's most dollar-conscious politicians, merchants, and fortune-hunters.

For these harried Americans, any other Greek town, no matter how close to Athens, might as well be located in the mountains of the moon. They are prisoners within the perimeter of Athens, and that city, beneath the serene Parthenon, is choked today with propaganda and falsehoods, greed and petty ambitions and submerged resentments engendered (and accentuated) by as bitter a civil war as we have seen in modern times.

Outside the capital another Greece survives the years of blood-letting and brutality, persists, struggles to reassert itself, clings to a new but still fragile hope of ultimate peace. Some five-sixths of its territory is now "liberated," but liberation has not yet brought peace. In Thrace, the Epirus, Thessaly, and elsewhere, there is release from actual combat—and that itself is like a boon from the ancient gods—but there is yot yet peace.

The seaport of Volos, on the Aegean, buzzes with activity once more, its fifty thousand inhabitants freed from fear of raids and reprisals. Round the land-locked harbor rise thriving olive groves, and then the hills, barren and gray. Close beside the town stands Mount Pelion. Volos, white in the early blaze of the sun, looks peaceful.

It is nine o'clock; the church bells toll. Soon, priests will be saying Mass, and they will turn from the altar and speak of brotherhood and forgiveness. There was a man who was not a Greek but who wrote in Greek; he said that the only thing that mattered was charity, "the greatest of these is charity," that without it man is "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal"; perhaps the priests will remember St. Paul.

The loudspeaker in the city square is not concerned with St. Paul. It announces the latest in the endless series of courts-martial.

Inside the courthouse, within a small and crowded room, the bells are silent

now. A woman's voice dies away. At the long table on the elevated platform, flanked by six fellow-officers, a Greek Army colonel leans forward. His voice is cold and insistent. "How many letters did you take to Kosta?" he demands.

Before him is a woman of about twenty-six. She stands in front of a microphone, directly facing the colonel, no more than seven feet from him. Her dress is neat but plain, her dark hair carefully plaited. She is motionless, save for her hands. They are pale hands, well shaped. She holds them clasped together in front of her breast. Her answer comes unhesitatingly, in a low voice. . . . "Two letters," she says. Then she resumes her story; always with her hands clasped tightly, as if summoning up every ounce of her inner strength; always addressing herself straight to the colonel; always turning to face anyone else who is called upon to assert, confirm or deny.

When she turns you see that she is pale and strained; she is not pretty; there is nothing exceptional about her features. It is only that she has dignity, and that she is on trial for her life. An interpreter keeps whispering the English translation of her testimony; "she says that she did . . . she says yes . . . no . . . no she did not . . ." The interpreter is necessary and superfluous at the same time; you listen to the woman standing there, and to the judges, and you know what they are saying, although you don't understand the language. The presiding colonel's features are intelligent and hard. Two of his fellow-officers and judges are also obviously intelligent men. The fourth judge is bored; the other three merely look mediocre.

This is a court-martial acting with military precision. Aristotle said that

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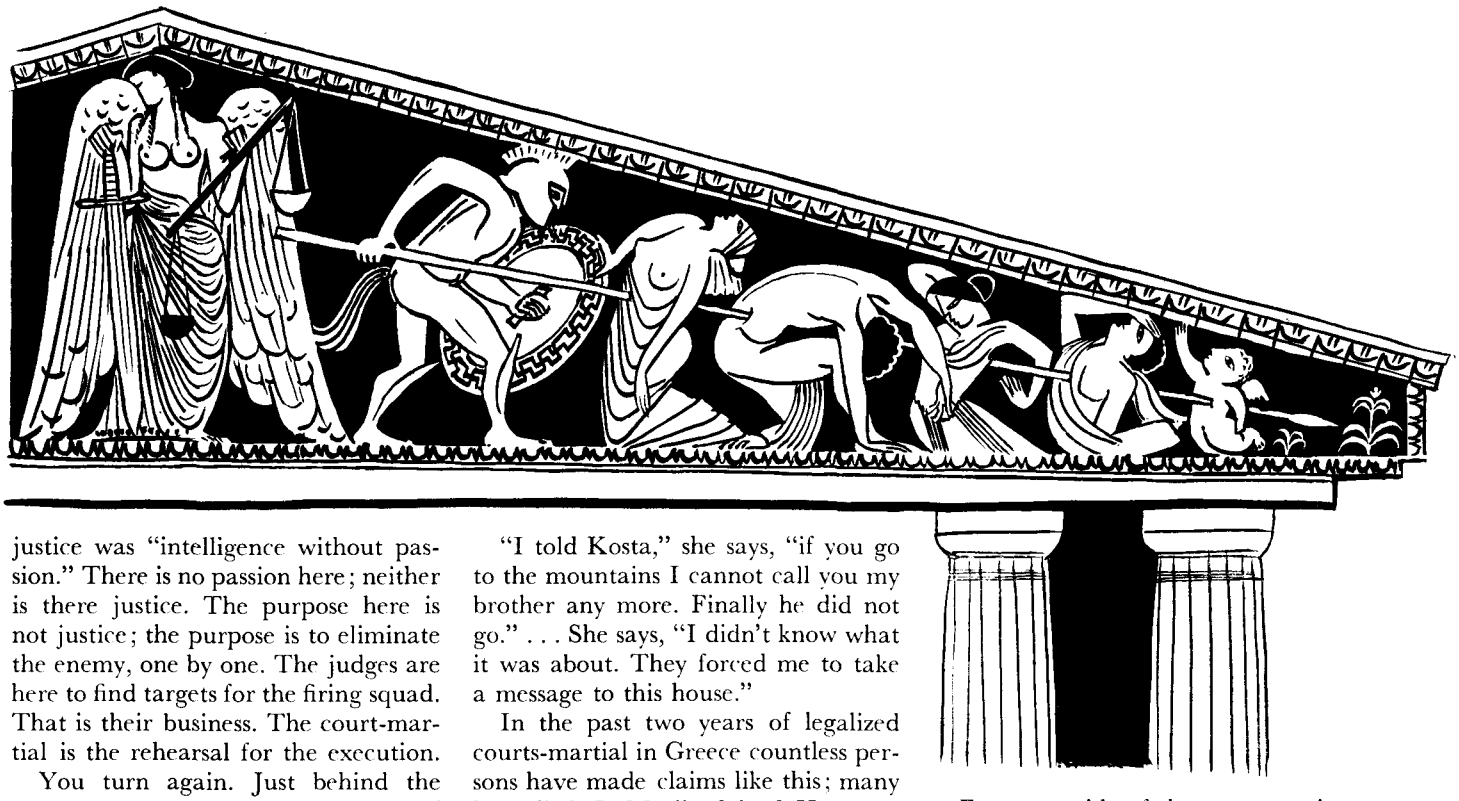

justice was "intelligence without passion." There is no passion here; neither is there justice. The purpose here is not justice; the purpose is to eliminate the enemy, one by one. The judges are here to find targets for the firing squad. That is their business. The court-martial is the rehearsal for the execution.

You turn again. Just behind the young woman are a dozen rows of benches occupied by poorly dressed men and women. In age they range from sixteen or seventeen up to sixty and beyond. Mostly they are people of impoverished circumstance, uneducated or with but a few years of schooling at best. These are the accused.

There are sixty-nine accused, all facing a possible sentence of death. Among them are twenty women, several beyond middle age and gray-haired. All are charged, of course, with having aided the guerrillas in one degree or another. Some are charged with having given military information to the insurgents—a capital offense during a civil war. Others are charged with having distributed copies of a secret Communist newspaper. Some are charged with having hidden guerrillas, or with having helped smuggle men to join their ranks in the mountains. They all know that many among them will receive death sentences within a few days.

The citizens of Volos, many of them young women, who stand breathlessly behind the guard rail at the rear of the courtroom, also know this very well.

Marika—that is her name, Mary—keeps her head high, her hands clasped. She looks at the judges as if she saw the thing that was ahead, as if she saw the soldiers taking aim. She speaks steadily in the same hopeless, soft voice.

"I told Kosta," she says, "if you go to the mountains I cannot call you my brother any more. Finally he did not go." . . . She says, "I didn't know what it was about. They forced me to take a message to this house."

In the past two years of legalized courts-martial in Greece countless persons have made claims like this; many have lied. Is Marika lying? How can one judge without looking closely into her face? Much of the time the judges do not watch her face. Perhaps they have seen too many such faces.

Marika tells how a member of the guerrillas spent a night in her house. The colonel-judge cuts in coldly here. "Your mother allowed you to let a strange man sleep in your house?" Quietly, steadily — her hands still clasped before her bosom—the young woman seeks to explain. How could she, a woman, force a man to leave at that time of night? What could she do?

"Was he your lover?" demands the colonel sharply.

"No," she replies in a very low voice. Then again: "No." She goes on to insist that she did not know at first that the message she carried and similar acts were helping the guerrillas. Finally, she got involved in helping a man who later joined the rebels. "It was too late then," she says in her restrained tragic voice. "I couldn't refuse." As if uninterested in what she had been saying, the colonel-judge cuts in with a sudden, thrusting question.

"Are you a virgin?"

For the first time the young woman's eyes fall. She takes a deep breath, as if recovering from a blow across the face. A painful pause. Then, in the same low firm voice: "Yes."

From one side of the room a prison physician interrupts. Marika is not a virgin, he declares.

A few more questions before a recess is declared. A witness testifies briefly. Again Marika turns, her gray eyes straight, her pale brow high, her hands still clasped. The young Greek woman beside me gasps softly as she looks at Marika's lifted face. "If I didn't know," she says, "she could be a saint."

It was over then, and we went away.

Mike got back to Athens from Volos several days after I did.

"Did you hear about the trial?" he asked immediately. "They gave the verdict yesterday. Fifty sentenced to death."

"Fifty?" I exclaimed. "Fifty—out of sixty-nine? My God!"

"That's right. Fifty to the firing squads. Almost everybody in Volos is shocked as hell."

And Marika? I asked. . . . Yes, Marika, too.

"Nothing like this has happened in a long time up in Thessaly," Mike said.

What Mike meant was that usually not so many were shot at one time. But in another neighboring district, on the Monday before last, seven persons had been executed; and on the following day twenty-one more. This, too, was somewhat unusual as to numbers. But what is the average number of death sentences imposed daily by the army?

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Courts-martial were established by law in Greece in June, 1946. Ever since, they have been operating with undiminished intensity. Today, in all territory controlled by the government, military tribunals impose death sentences week after week. In some places, like Larissa, these courts operate three or even more days a week.

Greek newspapers publish accounts of some condemnations and death sentences, but these articles seldom receive much prominence. The Greek government refrains from issuing total figures for military executions, by month or by year. Larissa is just one major city in central Greece. The most creditable estimate for death sentences in Larissa over the past three years is five hundred; some say there may have been several hundred more. Throughout all of government-controlled Greece how many persons have been sent to the firing squads since June, 1946? One can only guess from the tempo of court-martial proceedings, which numerous American observers have had an opportunity to note since the summer of 1947. On this basis it seems certain that some three thousand death sentences have been imposed over the past three years, an average of about three executions per day.

Back in Athens, with the memory of that Volos courtroom sharply in mind, I sought to learn what qualified Greeks thought of proceedings such as those that I had witnessed. I kept wondering; I kept remembering that I had been at a court-martial and that it was one side of a civil war, and that there was another side. I knew what the other side had done: the murders, the forced enlistments, the kidnapings. The other side had wanted blood-letting in Greece, and now it was hard to stop. The blood-letting went on mechanically, as if there were a machine that no one could remember how to stop. I talked about the courts-martial with Greeks—none of those whose opinions I sought were Socialists or could be described as left of center—and the Greeks were unhappy about the courts-martial too. They thought that the sentences were excessively severe, that far too many confused, unfortunate, relatively innocent people had been sent and still were being sent to the firing squads.

One Greek conservative said: "These people whom they sentence are products of misery, victims of propaganda. The world should weep for them. Of course, most of them are guilty of collaborating with the bandits in one way or another. But a great many don't know what they believe politically. That is the way it is in every civil war. Should a woman be shot because her husband was a Communist and she sought to hide him? Should an old man be shot for having carried one or two messages? In a great many cases a prison sentence of ten or twenty years would be ample or even excessive."

"They look for proof, perhaps conscientiously," an Athenian said to me, "and when they do not find definite proof, they say there is a strong presumption of guilt and they sentence to death because they think there is a probability of guilt." I said: "In our country we give the accused the benefit of any doubt." The Athenian said: "This is civil war." And I remembered that it was not for an American to say that you must not have a civil war, that an American could not preach very much about a civil war because our civil war had been the bloodiest one in modern times. And an American could not talk too easily about reconstruction, which was certainly not a brilliant page in our history, or about forgiveness, which some of us, to this day, have not granted wholeheartedly.

The Athenian said: "They sentence people not for what they have done but for fear of what they might do some day if they were permitted to live." And I knew that we have the doctrine of the overt act and that you cannot be punished for what you have not done. I also know that these days the principle of guilt by association is trying to re-establish itself in our country.

The Americans of ECA are hard at work; they do not see the firing squads or the courts-martial that send people to the executioner. A correspondent traveling in Greece sees a court-martial at work, and is sickened by what he sees. He starts worrying. Americans reading what he writes will start worrying. They will be sickened at the thought that people are still being sent to death in a country that resisted the Italians and the Germans—that seems, finally, to have won the military battle against Communism. They will wonder what horrors take place on the prison islands, Youra and Trikeri, or on Makranissos where the guerrilla prisoners are being "reclaimed." They will ask —as I asked—can our authorities do anything in Greece to stop all this senseless cruelty?

General James A. Van Fleet controls all the U.S. arms and materials that

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enable the Greek Army to expand its victories over the guerrillas. An urgent recommendation by General Van Fleet —today or months ago—for clemency in that army's courts-martial condemnations could not conceivably be ignored by General Papagos. A sharp humanitarian protest by U.S. Ambassador Grady would be sufficient to reduce the toll of Greek firing squads by half, or more.

We did not give our endorsement to Greek politicians simply because they were anti-Communist, even if the Truman doctrine makes it look as if we did. We did not go into Greece to engage in a civil war at the expense of the Greek people. We went into Greece to end a civil war, and to stop blood-letting.

The blood-letting continues, and we have a feeling of guilt because it does. We may have felt innocent at first because we did not start it. But now, whether we like it or not, we are involved.

As a result of this uncertainty of ours, it is a question just how much moral authority America possesses among the Greek people today. When we first intervened in the Greek civil war, the United States possessed enormous moral authority. But any informed person in Athens will testify that it has been seeping steadily away ever since. The Greeks have become increasingly disillusioned about the ability of the Americans to make their actions fit their noble words.

You cannot just tell people to stop a civil war. With the people of a nation fighting each other there is such an accumulation of hatred, mistrust, and fear that until recently it has been difficult to insist overnight that they must have trial by jury and no political death penalties. It is also impossible, morally, and politically, not to tell them that they have fought to remain civilized and that their victory must be proof that they have not forgotten what they fought for.

We have been shy about using our influence and our power. We have given Greece the armament it needed, together with money and food. But we have stood awkwardly watching the Greeks and not speaking all of our minds to them—as if we were afraid they would think we were rude. Sometimes, when I was in Athens, I thought that we stood by as if we also were blind.

Never once, in Athens, did I hear an American so much as mention the endless Greek Army executions—not so much as a single time, while I spent many days interviewing dozens of Americans in ECA and the U.S. Military Mission. There was never once a passing reference to the court-martial death mills while I was at American social functions. Some things are too bloody, too revolting, to bear contemplation. There are some very important things about Greece that our representatives, at all levels, never seem to face. Perhaps they do face them. I would have felt happier had I heard them mention it.

Karl is an American of nineteen. Since he came to Athens last February he has been living in ECA circles. He is also quite exceptional because he has an insatiable curiosity about everything happening in this new Greek-American world of Athens. Karl asks a question a minute whenever he gets a chance—but he also has the rare quality of being an extremely good listener. I sounded him out on the subject.

"What have you heard Americans say about the Greek Army executions in these six months?"

Karl looked somewhat surprised. "I've heard a lot of talk about the atrocities on the other side," he said slowly. "No. I've never heard any American talk about executions. What about them?"

I told him about the verdict in Volos. I told him, too, that the time had come for America to insist that the Greeks put an end to their civil war. It has been a terrible thing and Americans still remember that a civil war is always a terrible thing. But Americans remember Lincoln. It is in Lincoln's spirit that we must speak to the Greeks, with Lincoln's relentless and stubborn insistence that when a war is over there must be peace. I am not sure how useful it was for me to say these things to Karl. He cannot do much about it. There are Americans who can.—L. S.

Greek Reprisals—427 B. C.

Thucydides described a case of disloyalty in Greek ranks during wartime—the revolt of the Mitylenians which took place during the fifth year of the Peloponnesian War, in 427 B.C.

Paches, the general who put down the revolt, sent the leaders back to Athens for trial and awaited further orders. "The Athenians . . . ," Thucydides wrote, ". . . in the fury of the moment determined to put to death not only the prisoners at Athens, but the whole adult male population of Mitylene, and to make slaves of the women and children. . . . They accordingly sent a galley to communicate the decree to Paches, commanding him to lose no time in dispatching the Mitylenians.

"The morrow brought repentance with it and reflection on the horrid cruelty of a decree which condemned a whole city to the fate merited only by the guilty."

And so another assembly was called. Cleon, a former tanner who opposed the moderation of Pericles, spoke first:

"Where vengeance follows most closely upon the wrong, it best equals it and most amply requites it. . . . Do not, therefore, be traitors to yourselves, but recall as nearly as possible the moment of suffering . . . and now pay them back in their turn."

Then Diodotus spoke:

"I think the two things most opposed to good counsel are haste and passion. . . . I consider that we are deliberating for the future more than for the present. . . . The right course with freemen is not to chastise them rigorously when they rise, but rigorously to watch them before they rise, and to prevent their ever entertaining the idea. . . . I consider it far more useful for the preservation of our empire voluntarily to put up with injustice, than to put to death, however justly, those whom it is our interest to keep alive. . . ."

Thucydides reported that "the show of hands was almost equal, although the motion of Diodotus carried the day.

"Another galley was at once sent off in haste, for fear that the first might reach Lesbos in the interval, and the city be found destroyed. . . . Luckily they met with no contrary wind, and the first ship making no haste upon so horrid an errand . . . the first arrived so little before them, that Paches had only just had time to read the decree when the second put into port and prevented the massacre. The danger of Mitylene had been great."

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The Woman Who Informed— A Million Marks, a Term in Jail

In May, 1944, a Luftwaffe paymaster unit, which had been moving westward as the Russians advanced, settled in an inn kept by a Frau Czoska in the village of Konradswalde on the western border of East Prussia. Two months later, on July 20, an attempt was made to murder Hitler in his headquarters on the other side of East Prussia. Like everyone else in Germany, the people working in the inn, most of whom were civilian women bookkeepers, read in the newspapers and heard over the radio that a few stupid, criminal conspirators had planted bombs only two yards from the Führer, and that his miraculous escape proved that such a leader could not possibly lose the war.

The name of the chief traitor, Dr. Carl Friedrich Gördeler, the former Second Bürgermeister of Königsberg, made an immediate and special impression in the inn, for the proprietress herself and two Luftwaffe people said they knew him by sight. Now, he was the only prominent conspirator at large, and there was a price of one hundred thousand marks on his head.

Frau Czoska said she had seen him years before—but only once and at a distance. The assistant paymaster, Otto Schadwinkel, claimed he had seen him twice. One of the bookkeepers, Helene Schwärzel, a sallow and rather dull forty-two-year-old spinster —said she had encountered him repeatedly, though the last time had been twenty-three years before. Her path and Gördeler's had crossed in the town of Rauschen, a seashore resort near Königsberg, where the official owned a white villa on the wooded heights overlooking the Baltic. Helene had been brought up in the neighborhood. Her father was a drunkard; her mother worked; and after leaving school at sixteen she found a job as a ticket seller in the Rauschen railway station. When Dr. Gördeler became the Second Bürgermeister of Königsberg the following year, he began to commute to Rauschen regularly in the summertime, and Helene used to sell him his return ticket. She remembered him distinctly, she said, but the others rather doubted her story.

The assistant paymaster, the innkeeper, and the spinster began to wonder, when they saw Dr. Gördeler's photograph in the papers and on posters, whether they would still be able to recognize him. Helene Schwärzel said later that her first thought had been: "How could such a man get himself into such a position?"

The position that Dr. Gördeler had got himself into was astonishing to other people besides Helene. By birth, training, and inclination, he belonged to the traditional Prussian bureaucracy. His father had been a judge. Dr. Gördeler had himself entered the civil service as soon as he finished studying law; after leaving his Königsberg post, he had served as Oberbürgermeister of Leipzig and as Commissioner for Price Control in the Brüning Government. He was a conservative.

When Hitler took power in 1933, Gördeler, who still occupied his post in Leipzig, agreed to fight inflation for the Führer too, and again acted as Commissioner for Price Control in 1934-1935. Gördeler did not become disillusioned with the Nazis until the fall of 1936, when their campaign against religion, their armament drive, and their unorthodox economics finally proved too much for him to swallow. A relatively trivial incident gave him the opportunity to withdraw from official life. The Nazis in Leipzig were determined to get rid of a statue of the composer, Felix Mendelssohn. Gördeler, as Oberbürgermeister, refused to hear of it. He went on a trip early in 1937, and the Second Bürgermeister had the statue removed. Gördeler resigned.

Instead of keeping his peace, as so many other anti-Nazis did, Gördeler determined to resist the evil that he knew and the catastrophe that he foresaw. He took part in the first serious conspiracies against Hitler—the one during the Czechoslovak crisis in 1938, and another on the eve of war in 1939. The next two years were bitter ones for the Opposition. Hitler's great victories in Poland, France, and Russia made their persistent predictions of disaster sound foolish. In this dark period, Gördeler emerged as one of the few strong men of the Underground.

Gördeler, under cover of an industrial job, headed the civilian wing of the conspiracy, and General Ludwig Beck, who had resigned as Chief of Staff in 1938 in protest against the threatened attack on Czechoslovakia, led the military wing. But in 1943 Beck had to undergo a serious operation, and thereafter he leaned quite heavily on Gördeler. After the Battle of Stalingrad, the conspiracy expanded rapidly. The man who held all the strings in the far-flung and delicate plot was Gördeler. There were sharp differences of opinion about his political views, but none about his organizing ability. Although he personally favored the ultimate restoration of the monarchy, he was able to work with and gain the respect of all kinds of republicans and Socialists. Against the better judgment of the civilians, who

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feared that it might get into the wrong hands, the military men insisted on drawing up a written list of the men to serve in the post-Hitler cabinet. At the top was: "Chancellor: Gördeler."

Gördeler himself did not participate in, or favor, the attempt to assassinate Hitler. He would rather have had the Führer captured alive and put on trial, as one of the first steps in the enlightenment of the German people. But the military conspirators insisted that the plot could not succeed as long as Hitler lived, because too many soldiers would refuse to break their oath of allegiance to him. Beck's circle demanded Hitler's death as the only means to split the chains linking the army and the party. The man assigned to kill Hitler was a dark, slim, young colonel, Count Claus Schenk von Stauffenberg, who had lost one arm and one eye in Tunisia.

Although Gördeler would not take part in the putsch itself, a warrant for his arrest had been issued three days before, on July 17. Himmler had picked up the scent of the conspiracy, and a race was on between the Gestapo and the plotters.

Gördeler, in Berlin at the time, was tipped off indirectly by one of Himmler's chief lieutenants, who was a conspirator. He decided that he could do one of three things: stay in Berlin; commit suicide; or hide out.

On the morning of August 12, 1944, just before 7 o'clock, about a dozen employees of the Luftwaffe paymaster station, including Helene Schwärzel, sat in the dining room of Frau Czoska's inn, drinking sugarless ersatz coffee. Ernst Leonhard Hellbusch, the head paymaster, and his assistant, Schadwinkel were also there.

There was only one stranger in the room, a dusty man who sat on the sofa near the door, bent over his coffee cup. His hat was on; his face was dirty and unshaven; his clothes were unpressed. He looked exhausted and downhearted.

Helene Schwärzel caught a glimpse of his face. For a moment she was dazed. Then she turned to her neighbor and whispered: "If that isn't Gördeler!" At her friend's advice, Helene got up from the table and went into an adjoining office. She scribbled on a piece of paper: "Dr. Gördeler is sitting on the sofa." She handed the note to Schadwinkel. He glanced at it, took a few steps toward the man on the sofa, and, turning to Helene, shook his head. The drooping figure on the sofa did not resemble the impressive man pictured in the papers nor the distinguished public figure whom Schadwinkel thought he remembered from fifteen years before.

At this moment, Hellbusch, who had never seen Gördeler, and had no idea what was going on between Helene and Schadwinkel, went to put in a telephone call to Marienburg, the nearest large city. When the telephone rang, the stranger suddenly arose, muttered "Heil Hitler!" and slipped out of the inn.

When Hellbusch came back from the telephone, he found everyone discussing whether or not the stranger was Gördeler. Except for Helene, all were sure that he was not. Schadwinkel assured her that the man on the sofa was not the man in the newspapers, and the others agreed with him. The more they argued, the more embarrassed Helene became, and the more determined to prove that she was right. Hellbusch and Schadwinkel later both testified that Helene had burst out: "For God's sake, don't let that man run away! Then you'll see what you've got!" Schadwinkel said that he had replied: "If you're so certain he's the one, go call the police." Helene, they said, went to her desk and pulled out a picture of Gördeler, which she had cut out of a newspaper. She pointed to the picture and insisted that she knew what she was talking about. Helene later did not remember that she had urged the paymasters to chase Gördeler. She said afterward that Schadwinkel had dared her to call the police and that she had answered: "That sure I'm not." At first Hellbusch, a former schoolteacher, took no part in the discussion. He had never seen Gördeler and he was not accustomed to taking Helene seriously. He could not, however, ignore the excitement around him. Both he and Schadwinkel were Luftwaffe officers, and party members. It occurred to him that if, by one chance in a thousand, the foolish old Schwärzel was right, he would not be in a very comfortable position. The least he could do was to

European

Dr. Gördeler on trial before the Nazi 'People's Court'

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make a pretense of checking up. The reward was undoubtedly in the back of his mind, too, though neither he, nor anyone else, mentioned it. As the responsible head of the unit in Frau Czoska's inn, Hellbusch decided he had to take command of the situation.

When Hellbusch went outside, the stranger was nowhere in sight, and nobody in the street had noticed him. Hellbusch said to Schadwinkel: "Otto, I'm going to get my bicycle and take a ride around here." Schadwinkel said: "I'll come along." Hellbusch carried a pistol.

A quarter of a mile from the inn, they spied a man about to leave the main road for a forest thirty yards away. Hellbusch said later: "If we had arrived two or three minutes later, or if one of us had had to pump up a tire, he would have disappeared."

Hellbusch yelled: "Stop!" The man turned around and asked politely: "Excuse me, gentlemen, is it perhaps illegal to walk here?"

No, said Hellbusch, it was not illegal, but he demanded to see the man's identification papers. The man pulled out a *Wehrpass* from his pocket and handed it to Hellbusch. It was made out in the name of Kurt Goscher, but Hellbusch could see that the name and date had been changed. It was the picture, however, that really gave the stranger away.

Hellbusch, pointing his gun, declared: "Your game is up, Herr Dr. Gördeler!" Gördeler was too tired to resist. He admitted his identity, and gave himself up.

They marched him back to the inn. When Helene saw Gördeler, she began to weep. State troopers took Gördeler into custody. Hellbusch later revealed that his weapon had not been loaded.

Helene Schwärzel was made a heroine of the Third Reich. The Goebbels propaganda machine played upon the fact that she was an obscure daughter of the people, that she had set an example to all party members and higher-ups. Helene Schwärzel represented all the unknown, hard-working, self-sacrificing women of Germany. For this reason, the Nazis decided to turn the whole reward over to her, and to give additional but much smaller ones to Hellbusch and Schadwinkel.

A few days afterward, all the papers in Germany carried pictures of Helene receiving the reward. An S.S. man had come from Berlin and taken her in a car to the Dresdner Bank in Elbing. There, in an elaborate ceremony, she actually received not a bank note, but a scrap of paper. Hitler intended to show his gratitude by giving her the money himself later, but Goebbels was in a hurry for pictures.

Meanwhile, Helene's old mother fell ill. When she had heard of her daughter's identification of Gördeler, the old woman had wept bitterly. To Helene she had said: "It will be the death of you." When her mother died of an apoplectic stroke, Helene attributed the death to her own guilt.

Keystone

Helene Schwärzel

Two weeks after the fake ceremony, Helene was brought to Hitler's military headquarters near Rastenburg, on the eastern side of East Prussia. She arrived at about 9:30 a.m., and six and a half hours later she was ushered in to see Hitler. Afterward, with naive pride, she testified: "The S.S. man who accompanied me also wanted to see the Führer, but he wasn't allowed."

At the last moment, an aide told Hitler in a whisper that a frightful mistake had been made. The check had been made out for a million marks instead of a hundred thousand. With a little flourish, Hitler ordered the ceremony to go on. The woman, he said, was worth it.

When Helene came before the Führer, all she could think of saying was: "Isn't it terrible for Frau Gördeler and the children?"

Hitler glared at her and answered gruffly that "Gördeler was one of the world's greatest criminals." Then he handed her an envelope with the check for one million marks.

Hitler said to her: "Lots of luck!" She looked at the check and murmured: "So much money!" Hitler muttered: "We know what we're doing." Then he stalked out, obviously disappointed with Helene. Later it turned out that she felt the same way about him. "I was a little disappointed because he looked quite different in reality than he did in his pictures," she said.

As the Red Army approached East Prussia, Helene Schwärzel fled to Berlin. She rented a cheap room, and went to work as a seamstress. She remained when the war ended. A few months later, on her forty-fourth birthday, she was arrested for betraying Dr. Gördeler, whose role in the German Underground had now become legendary.

Helene's first trial, which did not take place until the end of 1946, was the first great *cause célèbre* in postwar Germany, though it received little attention elsewhere. The Moabit courtroom was full of important Allied and German officials, Dr. Gördeler's friends, and leading Berlin jurists. There was still a shortage of electricity, and the room was dimly lit with gas lamps. Flash bulbs kept popping in the semidarkness. A cordon of police held off huge crowds.

The first surprise in the trial was the identity of the defense counsel. He was Dr. Paul Ronge, one of Dr. Gördeler's intimate friends. He had agreed to plead Helene's case—at the express request of Dr. Gördeler's family.

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When a side door opened and two police officials led Helene Schwärzel into the chamber, she looked smaller, shabbier, and more insignificant than ever. Her thick black hair was knotted in the back. She spoke in a meek voice and sounded dull-witted but honest.

Slowly and inexorably, Helene Schwärzel's life was laid bare in the courtroom. Two psychiatrists, who had been examining her in prison, gave their versions of her personality. Police investigators recited all that they had been able to rake up about her past.

The charges against Helene were, first, that she had committed a "crime against humanity" in violation of Law No. 10 of the Allied Control Council, and, second, that she had been accessory to a murder, according to Article 211 of the German law. The latter charge was dropped in the course of the trial. The prosecutor, Dr. Rombrecht, demanded a life sentence.

The first question the court took up was whether she could be considered responsible for her actions. The psychiatrists answered, "Yes, with reservations." She had inherited a nervous disposition from her alcoholic father, they said. She was incapable of following a logical train of thought. In prison she had even had an imaginary pregnancy. She was inclined to brooding, but, the doctors concluded, she was accountable for her actions.

The next big question at the trial concerned her motivation. Everyone agreed that it could not be considered "political." She had never shown the slightest interest in politics. It also seemed unlikely that the reward had meant much to her. Of the million marks that she received from Hitler, she had spent practically nothing on herself. She gave fifty thousand to the city of Königsberg, which was very badly damaged, and fifty thousand to the Red Cross. She had also paid for an operation her sister had had. The rest she had placed in a bank in the form of securities. Although she was a millionairess, she had no idea of how to spend money on herself, and continued to live quite as before.

Dr. Ronge, her defense counsel, asked the court to decide in the spirit of Dr. Gördeler, and to resist any feeling of revenge. He called it the "Shakespearean tragedy" of a humble woman who was as much a victim of the Nazi system as Dr. Gördeler himself. Frau Gördeler associated herself with this point of view, and said that she wanted Helene Schwärzel to be understood, not punished. Nevertheless, the seamstress was pronounced guilty.

The President of the Court, Dr. Forbaum, sentenced Helene Schwärzel to fifteen years' imprisonment and ordered all her property confiscated. The court explained that she was being punished for her criminal act, not for her criminal intent. Dr. Ronge appealed immediately.

The verdict set off a furious debate. The problem of responsibility for the crimes of the Nazi régime was not merely Helene Schwärzel's but that of the entire German people. While high-ranking Nazis were getting off with relatively light sentences and fines, or avoiding trial altogether, a miserable and unimportant person like Helene Schwärzel would very probably have to spend the rest of her life in prison. Public opinion was, of course, all on her side—and so much so that a second trial was held at the end of 1947. The whole story was told again in even greater detail. This time Helene Schwärzel's prison term was reduced from fifteen years to six.

The two paymasters, Hellbusch and Schadwinkel, were tried in Lübeck in the British zone in 1948. Again the events of August 12, 1944, were discussed, and new details were brought out. The two men were let off. The President of the Lübeck court, Dr. Walter Steinger, said that they were "merely fulfilling their duty as German officers." He called Helene Schwärzel a *Schwätzerin,* a chatterbox.

So far the chatterbox is the only one who has been punished for the death of Dr. Gördeler. Efforts are being made to get her a third trial.

—THEODORE DRAPER

Germans on the German

"To possess character and to be German are the same thing."

"Only the German really has a nation and is entitled to count on one, and only he is capable of real . . . love for his nation."

"The German alone can . . . be a patriot; he alone can for the sake of his nation encompass entire humanity; contrasted with him from now on, since the extinguishing of reason-instinct and the entry of pure egoism, the patriotism of every other nation must be egoistic, narrow and hostile to the rest of mankind."

"A true German can wish to live only that he may be and remain forever a German and may train all that belong to him to be Germans also."—Johann Fichte.

"The future of German culture rests with the sons of Prussian officers. . . . Peace and letting other people alone—this is not a policy for which I have any respect whatever. To dominate and to help the highest thought to victory—that would be the only thing that could interest me in Germany. . . . Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars—and the short peace more than the long. . . . War and courage have done more things than charity. Not your sympathy but your bravery hath hitherto saved the victims. . . ."

"Some day the German spirit will find itself awake in all the morning freshness following a deep sleep; then it will slay the dragons, destroy the malignant dwarfs, waken Brunnhilde—and Wotan's spear itself will be unable to obstruct its course."—Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche.

"The war is approaching its end. Once again the enemy is storming our defensive fronts, but in vain. A few years after the war, Germany will blossom as never before. Her ravaged countryside will be studded with new and more beautiful towns and villages inhabited by happy people. We shall once again be friends with all nations of goodwill, and with them we shall heal the scars of our heavy wounds. Rich cornfields will provide our daily bread, relieving the hunger of the millions who are suffering today. There will be work for all. Order, peace and prosperity will reign instead of the underworld. If we prevail, the work begun in Germany in 1933, and so rudely interrupted in 1939, will be continued. Other nations will join in, not under coercion but freely . . ."—Joseph Goebbels, April, 1945.

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The Children and the Diplomats

The U. N. Children's Fund, caught in the dilemma that killed UNRRA, may have to escape all Soviet influence to go on with its program

Children, one might think, are above—or too small for—the fierce attentions of wrangling diplomats. Especially a whole generation of children strewn about the earth by a ten-year social earthquake. But a neophyte attending the sessions of the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund's twenty-six-nation Executive Board in Paris this summer might have wondered.

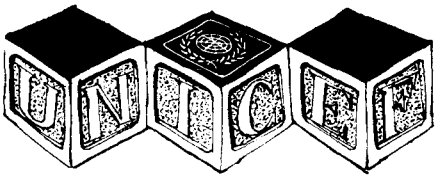
UNICEF—it is known throughout the world by the initials of its English name—helps provide one free meal a day for four million children in eleven European countries. It is spending a million dollars a year on cod-liver oil and clothing for children in all four zones of Germany. In the Palestine area, it is helping to feed half a million Arabic and Jewish mothers and children who were displaced by the war for Israeli independence. In Asia, UNICEF already is busy in China, India, the Philippines, and Japan; and it is about to begin work in Indonesia and a number of other Southeast Asian countries, as well as in Korea.

In addition to these country-by-country programs, the agency is involved in several continent-wide health projects, including a campaign to examine a hundred million children in Europe and Asia for tuberculosis and to vaccinate them against it. So far fifteen million European children have been tested by international tuberculosis teams.

UNICEF was set up in December, 1946, soon after the liquidation of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration. Congress, on the advice of the State Department, had terminated appropriations for UNRRA, having footed seventy-two per cent of the four billion dollars spent by that hastily-improvised agency. Russia and its friends maintained that the United States was welshing on a moral promise to the world's needy. The State Department's position was that a disproportionate share of the four billion had gone behind the Iron Curtain, that some of it had been improperly used, that the duly appointed administrators had no control over what was happening, and, finally, that the funds of American, British, Norwegian, and Brazilian taxpayers were being passed off in Yugoslavia, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Albania as Kremlin largesse.

But about one thing there was no argument in the minds of a people who, virtually alone, had fed the hungry people of Europe after the First World War: The United States cheerfully agreed to continue helping children. The American delegates wanted to make sure that it would be the children who would be fed—and that they would be fed with something more nourishing than propaganda.

So UNICEF came into being. Compared to UNRRA, it has been a puny operation. So far it has spent less than $140 million, and it has never been able to feed more than about a fifth of the children it was designed to help. But, like UNRRA, the agency is operating on both sides of the Iron Curtain. Like UNRRA, too, it is running into difficulties in dealing with the Russians and their satellites.



Elsewhere in the congeries of U.N. agencies, and older than UNICEF, there is a body called the World Health Organization. In contrast to UNICEF, it has never been an operating agency. In the early days of U.N. experimentation, WHO was set up merely to study and recommend health measures, which the member nations could accept or ignore as they chose. WHO is one of the few U.N. bodies to which Russia originally adhered, and from which it has subsequently withdrawn. Moscow walked out huffily at the beginning of the year, and, since that time, it has repeatedly refused to come back.

Russia's absence gave the State Department an opportunity to express ideas about WHO and UNICEF that it had long weighed: What, the Department asked, was sacrosanct about the original frame of reference of WHO, and what precluded its being transformed into an operating agency? Why not dissolve UNICEF and transfer its continuing functions to WHO?

At Paris in June, the American delegate on the Executive Board, Louis Hyde, moved warily, mindful of the uproar that had greeted American efforts to put UNRRA on a realistic basis or, failing that, to liquidate it. Mindful also of the temper of Congress, Hyde expressed a cautious hope that the appropriations requested for UNICEF would be forthcoming. It might, he said, be wise for the executive board to consider several proposals:

First, he suggested, child-aid programs could be reduced in France and Finland, which had generously recognized greater needs elsewhere, and in Hungary, which has persistently refused to allow international supervision.

Second, the emergencies in Pales-

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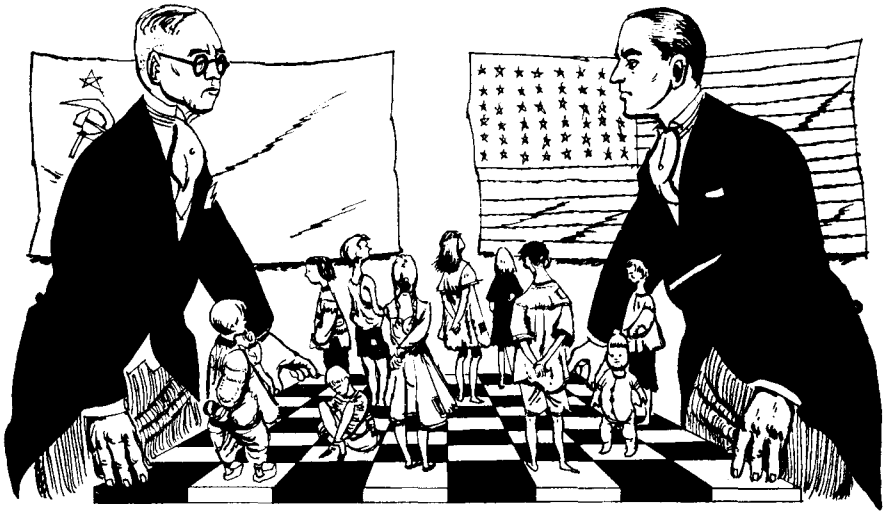

tine, Asia, and Latin America might require special efforts.

The board, Hyde concluded, might wish to ask UNICEF to determine whether certain of its functions could not be profitably transferred to other U.N. agencies which, he thought, clearly overlapped it.

Hyde's speech touched off a series of caustic remarks, in which the world's children seemed to have been forgotten. Several small nations, which could not be accused of pro-Russian sympathies, suggested that the matter was one for the General Assembly.

After some hours of wrangling, the Hyde proposals were referred to committee. Switzerland and Australia opposed them bitterly. Canada suggested a compromise looking to the liquidation of UNICEF and recommending a study of which functions should be carried on, and by which agencies.

Twenty-four hours later, the floor debate resumed. Hyde noted that, whatever the outcome of the central controversy, the United States would support additional allocations of twelve million dollars for Palestine and half a million for Greece. The Soviet delegate, Kajanski, asked a thoroughly predictable stock question: What guarantees did UNICEF have that its help in Greece would reach all children?

Hyde then supported additional allocations for the whole of Germany—provided that operations would not begin in the Soviet Zone until the Russian authorities signed an agreement guaranteeing international inspection. Kajanski protested that this might create "awkward" situations between UNICEF and the receiving governments: UNICEF's aim was to help helpless children; therefore, he said, "the less complicated the machinery, the better."

Hyde moved that allocations for Latin America be doubled. The motion was carried, with Russia abstaining.

After nearly a dozen sessions in three days, the weary members of the committee reported back to the board an Australian-Swiss resolution which stated that the needs of the world's children were still urgent, and should be met "as fully as UNICEF's resources permitted"; that the U.N. Secretary-General and all interested special agencies should be asked to make a study of these continuing needs; and that any change in UNICEF programs required the consent of those countries receiving aid as well as of those nations supplying it.

At this point the American delegate felt it necessary to remind his colleagues of a hard fact: The U.S. delegation had just received word that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee had reported out a bill extending America's original hundred-million-dollar authorization, of which only three-quarters had ever been appropriated, to June 30, 1950. The effect of this decision would be to terminate American financial aid to UNICEF on that date. The debate was, therefore, Hyde implied, somewhat academic.

Quick to see the need for a practical measure, the British delegate tried to win support for the Canadian compromise. China and the Netherlands followed. By a vote of 9-5, with Russia, as usual, abstaining, the delegates finally accepted the Canadian proposal that a study be made of what child aid is still needed and feasible, how much of it can be administered by other U.N. agencies, and how soon UNICEF can be liquidated.

The feeling of relief was not universal. Some members said the whole thing was an American plot. They cited as "proof" of Washington's bad faith the fact that UNICEF has been running at the rate of about a million dollars a week, and that WHO's total budget for 1950 is only seventeen million dollars.

What such charges ignored was that ECA's billions do not exclude children, who also benefit from the fact that their fathers are now working again; that the so-called Point Four program of aid to under-developed areas will, it is hoped, follow the ECA, and that Congress can always appropriate more money for an agency that it believes will spend it wisely.

The State Department stood by its premise that it was simply trying to make child aid work. It is the business of the men who toil late at Foggy Bottom, and in the world's mercurial councils, to remember at all times that the surest and quickest way to drive Congress and the American people back to their traditional isolationism would be to present American taxpayers with one more instance of dollars being squandered or being used to aid opponents of their beliefs. State Department officials also must bear in mind that the surest and quickest way to drive the U.N. to the brink of political bankruptcy would be to set a few more conflicting agencies at each other's throats. Finally, when it comes to name-calling and voting, Moscow can always count not only on its satellites, but also on the vanities of small nations, which sometimes operate on a theory of the more agencies, the more representation.

One thing, however, must be obvious to the diplomats: No amount of precise logic, no degree of provocation, can excuse an impasse in which children would be the chief sufferers. WHO may indeed be the answer. But whether it is or not, the objects of child aid are innocent of the differences that set their elders apart; those differences are not the present issue.

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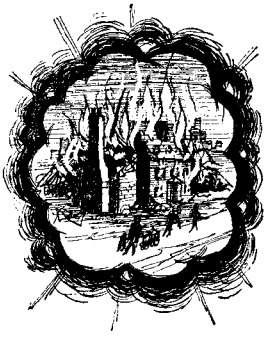
To Man's Measure . . .



War and Peace

The priests spilled animals' guts all over the marble altar and, if the entrails fell right, they would say "Proceed!" to the government, and the Roman rulers of antiquity would send their soldiers off to a "just" war. Sometimes the priests simply lay on their backs watching the birds, the stars, or a comet; these, too, were methods for determining whether men should leave the plow and take up the sword.

Later governments, when debating whether or not to go to war, would consult moral theologians such as Thomas Aquinas or Machiavelli, or be advised by "the will of the people." Hitler directly, if mysteriously, left the decision to his own "intuition." The men sent off to fight have always wanted to be sure that it would be in a righteous cause. No government anywhere, at any time, has failed to provide them with that assurance.

There being an obvious absurdity in the idea that both sides in every war are right, the practice has been to say that "we" are right, "they" are wrong. This does not solve the problem because the people on the other side also have the undeniable right to think of themselves as "we." And so, once again, you have everyone in the right.

At this level, the moral level, you may also say that all wars are "wrong," and perhaps this cannot be denied—but even if all nations were to accept the theory with the same simplicity and alacrity with which they accept this idea that all their wars are "*right*," we would still be no better off, for we still would have the wars.

One side usually does not want a war, and when its appeal to those who want one fails, those "others" become automatically the aggressors. Here are two appeals for peace in which the resemblance of tone is remarkable:

In 1812, Napoleon crossed the Niemen River and invaded Russian territory. When the Russian Emperor Alexander heard about this, he wrote to Napoleon, whom he addressed *Monsieur mon frère*. After dismissing Napoleon's excuses for considering himself justifiably in a state of war, and asking that he withdraw his troops from Russian soil, the letter concludes: "It still depends on Your Majesty to preserve humanity from the calamity of another war."

On April 14, 1939, Roosevelt addressed Hitler: "You realize, I am sure, that throughout the world hundreds of millions of human beings are living today in constant fear of a new war, or even a series of wars. . . . Heads of great governments in this hour are literally responsible for the fate of humanity in the coming years. . . . I hope that your answer will make it possible for humanity to lose fear and regain security for many years to come."

Napoleon and Hitler were aggressors, but in the years between them there were other wars, and before either there were innumerable others, in which it was sometimes more difficult to know who was the aggressor—the Franco-Prussian War, for instance, or even the First World War. Few remember between whom the vast majority of these wars were fought, or why. Some names survive: Darius, but no one remembers what he did; Attila, who has a bad reputation; Caesar, certainly an aggressor, who seems to have prepared the cultural unity of Europe; William the Conqueror, another aggressor, who seems to have kept England from remaining outside Europe.

Whenever you say the words *War* and *Peace* you think of them capitalized and italicized. That is a deserved tribute to Leo Tolstoy. He catches you up in the lives of Prince Andrew, and Pierre Bezúkhof, and Natásha Rostóva. The lives of these people seem more real—because they are more completely understood—than the lives that are being lived in our own times and close about us. An extraordinary thing about *War and Peace* is that the "real" people in the book—General Kutúzov, Emperor Alexander, Napoleon—are as real as the fictional characters, and Tolstoy's long meditations on war—which were dropped from early translations as theoretical and dull—are as essential as his direct and dramatic battle scenes.

Gradually Tolstoy's views on war were reduced to the plain conclusion that war is a total evil, but no one has ever had greater understanding than he of courage, or of man's persistent humanity even when compelled to kill. Here is young Nicholas Rostóv—here is gallant youth—going for the first time into action.

"Rostóv, picking out one [Frenchman] on a gray horse,

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dashed after him. . . . That Frenchman, by his uniform an officer, was going at a gallop, crouching on his gray horse and urging it on with his saber. In another moment Rostóv's horse dashed its breast against the hindquarters of the officer's horse, almost knocking it over, and at the same instant Rostóv, without knowing why, raised his saber and struck the Frenchman with it.

"The instant he had done this, all Rostóv's animation vanished. . . . The French dragoon officer was hopping with one foot on the ground, the other being caught in the stirrup. . . . His pale and mud-stained face—fair and young, with a dimple in the chin and light-blue eyes—was not an enemy's face at all suited to a battlefield, but a most ordinary, homelike face. . . .

" 'So others are even more afraid than I am!' he thought. 'So that's all there is in what is called heroism! And did I do it for my country's sake? And how was he to blame, with his dimple and blue eyes? And how frightened he was! He thought that I should kill him. Why should I kill him? My hand trembled. And they have given me a St. George's Cross. . . . I can't make it out at all.' "

Nobody could make it out at all. Why had the Corsican become Emperor of the French and why was he now advancing into Russia? Why did both the Russians and the French have five hundred different battle plans and never carry any of them out? Why did they fight battles where they had no intention of fighting battles?

"The actions of Napoleon and Alexander, on whose words the event seemed to hang, were as little voluntary as the actions of any soldier who was drawn into the campaign by lot or by conscription. This could not be otherwise, for in order that the will of Napoleon and Alexander (on whom the event seemed to depend) should be carried out, the concurrence of innumerable circumstances was needed without any one of which the event could not have taken place. It was necessary that millions of men in whose hands lay the real power—the soldiers who fired, or transported provisions and guns—should consent to carry out the will of these weak individuals, and should have been induced to do so by an infinite number of diverse and complex causes. . . .

"Nothing is the cause. All this is only the coincidence of conditions in which all vital organic and elemental events occur. And the botanist who finds that [an] apple falls because the cellular tissue decays and so forth is equally right with the child who stands under the tree and says the apple fell because he wanted to eat it and prayed for it. Equally right or wrong is he who says that Napoleon went to Moscow because he wanted to, and perished because Alexander desired his destruction, and he who says that an undermined hill weighing a million tons fell because the last navvy struck it for the last time with his mattock. In historic events, the so-called great men are labels giving names to events, and like labels they have but the smallest connection with the event itself."

There is no point in being technical about all this, but Tolstoy is troubled with the endless conflict between free will and predestination. We have wars, and we cannot explain why we have them. We are compelled to fight them and compelled also by a fundamental requirement of our nature to justify ourselves for fighting them:

"But why did millions of people begin to kill one another? Who told them to do it? It would seem that it was clear to each of them that this could not benefit any of them, but would be worse for them all. Why did they do it? Endless retrospective conjectures can be made, and are made, of the causes of this senseless event, but the immense number of these explanations, and their concurrence in one purpose, only proves that the causes were innumerable and that not one of them deserves to be called the cause.

"Why did millions of people kill one another when it has been known since the world began that it is physically and morally bad to do so? Because it was such an inevitable necessity that in doing it men fulfilled the elemental zoological law which bees fulfill when they kill one another in autumn, and which causes male animals to destroy one another. One can give no other reply to that terrible question."

This last quotation is Tolstoy writing about his novel in 1868; it is not Tolstoy writing his novel; and if that is the only reply that can be made to the question his novel raises, it is not good enough. Because if the zoological explanation were accepted, there would be no point in disliking wars or in trying to avoid them.

We cannot tolerate the idea that Hitler, killing Jews, or Christians (or agnostics), was simply buzzing around like a bee or tramping down anthills like an elephant, and even less the odd suggestion that he was a typical male animal.

We can and must admit Tolstoy's description of wars: that we enter them blindly and are blind as we fight them to a conclusion—that we think our valor or armament or rightness are decisive, whereas the factors that influence and decide are innumerable, unforeseeable, and largely independent of our will. Yet we must still admire the Emperor Alexander's message to Napoleon, as we do Roosevelt's to Hitler. They were last-minute attempts to escape "destiny" and zoological compulsion; they failed.

Democracy rejects fatalism, and in our democracies we put limits upon our leaders to prevent them from becoming mired in any fatalistic attitude. We hold our leaders to account; they are always removable; through the checks and counterchecks of public opinion we act against the forces that might sweep them off their feet. It is this aspect of democracy that gives us hope, and Tolstoy, living under the Czars, never understood it.—G. P.

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California

The Siege of Marin City

Marin County, California, north of San Francisco across the Golden Gate Bridge, is a luxuriant peninsula flanked on the east by San Francisco Bay and on the west by the Pacific—a land of improbable contours and improbable weather, subject to fits of fog on the brightest afternoons. Its background is Spanish, American, and British. The county's 521 square miles were held in grant by an assortment of Grandees before Americans moved in on the up-county grazing sections, and a number of British families, afterwards influential in the area, settled further south. Its present atmosphere is upper-middle-income suburban, which is to say that most of its people believe in thick hedges, high annuities, and careful property-zoning. It votes overwhelmingly Republican.

When Herbert Hoover, on his seventy-fifth birthday, warned all local communities against creeping Federal collectivism, he was listened to in Marin County with an attention far exceeding that due a party patriarch. For, in the reckless internal migrations of the war, Marin had been infected with one small outbreak of something that looked suspiciously like collectivism. It still looks that way, though at the moment the symptoms are in an arrested state.

The center of irritation is Marin City, a flimsily-constructed Federal housing project that sprawls over a reclaimed tide flat and up the sides of several low hills. It is right in the middle of some of the county's most impressive scenery. Marin City was built in 1942 to house workers brought in for jobs at the Marinship Yard, two miles away. It began in hurry and confusion, when the Federal Public Housing Authority asked the county's five-man board of supervisors to provide land for dwellings near the shipyard. "Federal public housing" had a distinctly bureaucratic ring, but this was an emergency. The supervisors and the county regarded it as nothing more. They provided the land, after stipulating that policy for the project would be set by the County Housing Authority, and the PHA bought 237 acres and proceeded to build on them with astonishing speed. On their way to work in San Francisco, the permanent citizens uneasily watched the long, brown, squat, wooden buildings of the project spring up. When the war workers, about seventy per cent of whom were Negroes, began to stream in, the uneasiness increased. Before the war, there were four Negro families in Marin County, which then had a population of fifty-three thousand. Now there were to be hundreds. The supervisors hastened to inform the county that Marin City was to be torn down as soon as the war ended, and its variegated population dispersed.

Despite forebodings, Marin County got through the war years without visible abrasion. The permanent citizens left the "transients" strictly alone. Marin City, for its part, did not launch a crime wave in the county; nor did the Negroes protest publicly when Jim Crow rules were quietly introduced into many of the bars, restaurants, and theaters in surrounding towns. From 1942 through most of 1945, all of Marin City's men and most of its women were employed in the shipyard. The Negroes and whites who lived in the project, most of them recruited from the slum areas of Southern or Midwestern cities, or from sharecrop farms, seemed content to keep largely to themselves, to work hard, and to enjoy the scenery. There was an alarming increase in the accident rate, however, as people who never had dreamed of owning automobiles bought fast ones and gave them their heads. But this problem was expected to disappear with the war.

When the war was over, the permanent residents waited for the dispersal of Marin City with growing impatience. They realized, of course, that a three-year-old town of 5,500 people, which had all its living space occupied, and furthermore had built up a waiting list of over a thousand, could not be uprooted overnight. They realized too that Marin County was not the only community that had been invaded by hordes of Federally-provided strangers. There were (and still are) more than a thousand other war housing projects in the nation, which would all eventually have to be torn down too. Nevertheless, it was clear that Marin County did not have enough industry to support a large additional labor population. There was a good deal of long-delayed house-repair work to be done, and the newly-acquired mechanical skills of the war workers would come in handy there. Also, there was a pressing need for female domestics. But nothing extensive. Before long, Marin City would have to be vacated.

This August, the month Mr. Hoover delivered his warning, and four years after V-J Day, Marin City was still there, still fully occupied, still with a long waiting list. To the growing dismay of the permanent citizens, it is there today. If the buildings last, it may very well be there next year, and the next.

Under the Lanham Act, which authorized construction of most war housing, Marin City and the projects like it which flank many other large cities can be levelled by January 1, 1950, but this date may be extended either by Congress or by the top housing officials in Washington. Nobody in the county

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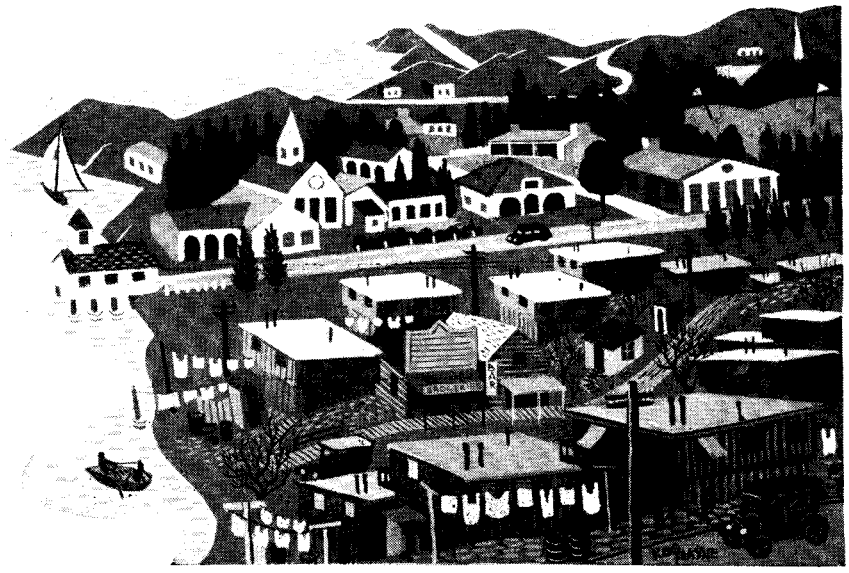
doubts that it will be extended. For one thing, Marin City—like many of the other developments—is solvent: It takes in $56,000 a month in rents and has a maintenance cost of $45,000, which enables administrators to return eleven thousand dollars a month to the Public Housing Authority, which paid for the construction to begin with. The project pays more taxes than any other community in the county except one. A third matter for consideration is that Marin City housing has long given priority to veterans: In the last four years, as war workers have moved out, veterans have moved in. It is hard for Congress to ignore the housing requirements of veterans. But even if Congress risked it, where would Marin City's people go?

For over two years, the ones who will have to do the going have waited for some sort of answer. No messages have come from the county board of supervisors. It has no plans for Marin City. Its attitude is that it has already been helpful beyond reason, particularly since many of the inhabitants of Marin City didn't even come from California, much less Marin County. That, in the board's view, is out-and-out collectivism, worse than the creeping variety. The next move, the board feels, is up to the Federal government, which, after all, imposed the housing project on the county without much consultation.

For its part, the government has been equally deft in passing along responsibility. Public Housing Administrators have parried the question of what to do with so many prospective displaced persons (one third of whom are children) by insisting that the local housing authority, appointed by the supervisors, is the actual landlord of Marin City. But, say the supervisors, the county does not hold title to Marin City—it cannot sell or even buy back the place. To this, Washington replies that the project does not cost the county a nickel. But, says the county, hundreds of Marin City families are already on state relief, and the county's permanent citizens suspect that costs something. When pressed, the government may make what it feels to be the one unanswerable point, which is that the project people are American citizens, and that they are *in* Marin County. Even though most of them may become unemployed, though their houses are carted off, and though they are frowned upon by the county police, no power on earth can legally order them out of the county if they are determined to stay. Willing or not, "Marvellous Marin," to use the real-estate agents' phrase, will be finally responsible for them. Or so the federal administrators have said.

Meanwhile, Marin City smoulders quietly. The project's seven hundred apartments and eight hundred houses, its public buildings, wiring, and plumbing were rapidly glued together: The materials used were not meant to last more than five years. But the city is now seven years old: The insulation is dropping from the electric and telephone wires, roofs and walls are warping in the damp, and heavy rains may send houses sliding down hills. Physical decay means rising maintenance costs. Marin City must not spend more than it earns, or arguments against its abandonment will begin to sound faintly silly.



As their houses deteriorate, the project people have become increasingly tense. The Negroes—now forty per cent of Marin City's population—are under the greatest strain, of course. The project's non-segregation policy has made little difference to them, for the feeling that they are isolated in an unfriendly and overwhelmingly white world has not been abated by residence in California. Uncertainty about finding quarters elsewhere has caused only one Negro family to move away from the project for every nine white families that have left. These fears have also kept Negro rent payments coming in on time with great exactness. Fear has made the Negroes the most politically aware of Marin City's people. Their worst dread is unemployment. Already, hundreds of Negroes are on state relief. When that runs out eviction follows, usually in very short order. The County Housing Authority is somewhat stricter than many private landlords about rent.

Pressures on the whole community from the outside are subtle but constant. Real-estate companies keep up a running fire on the project's "depressing" qualities. Minor troubles at Marin City receive disproportionate play in the county newspapers. The County District Attorney has attributed eighty per cent of Marin's crime rate directly to the project—a figure and an indictment that the city's administrator wrathfully rejects. Worst of all for Marin City's people is the feeling that the Federal government, which made them members of an independent community, will some day leave them to the mercy of local authorities and local prejudices.

This fear is not groundless, by any means. The Sparkman bill, which recommends that title to all war housing projects be turned over to local communities, is now pending in Congress. If it should be passed, and Marin City should become county property, all doubts about the town's future would in all likelihood be swiftly resolved. The question of where its people would go would remain, of course. But perhaps the Federal government could answer that. The county has no plans.—R. D.

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Agriculture

The Veteran in the Orchard

Ewald Meder knew nothing about farming when he, his wife, and their six-month-old baby moved to a fruit farm in Marlborough, New York, in the spring of 1947. Meder became a farmer by doctor's orders: A disability he had incurred during the war forced him to give up his work in a delicatessen for a more out-of-door life. An interest in horticulture had led him to farming, to fruit, and to Marlborough.

He says that when he bought his thirty-five acre apple-and-grape farm he really was nothing more than a hick from the city, the kind who thought that farmers did nothing in the winter. He began farming in June, fairly early in the spraying season, with a spray rig that was out of date, and with some well-meaning but rather inadequate instructions from the man who sold him the farm. It was most fortunate for Meder that Marlborough had an Institutional On-farm Training Program for veterans.

Meder was one of the large number of veterans whom agricultural educators had in mind when they began evolving the On-farm Training Program in 1944. A survey made by the armed forces had revealed that thousands of soldiers and sailors wanted to work their own farms after they were discharged.

Although the majority of them had come from farms, most had been away long enough to need training in the new techniques that had been worked out during the war years. Others had not had even the minimum education that most practical farmers accept as necessary for modern agriculture. To make matters more complicated, many of the returning veterans—those who were married and had families—could not afford to be away from their farms for extended periods at agricultural schools.

What seemed to be required was a practical vocational program that could be given locally and adjusted to the needs of the particular community. Allen LeBlanc, a Louisiana agriculture teacher, worked up a plan, based on classroom work and discussion carried on at night in local high schools, and practical training in farming given on the veterans' own farms by peripatetic instructors.

A similar plan was approved by the Louisiana State Department of Education, and then by the Veterans Administration, and in 1945 Louisiana started the program off. Two years later, Congress put through a similar plan for every state in the Union.

The new law closely follows the substance of the Louisiana plan. The states are authorized to designate schools that may participate in the program. The VA then makes contracts with the schools, and gives the students tuition money and subsistence allowances. Each school is required to develop its program according to the needs of its particular area, and according to the types of farm on which veterans are working. Its course must include instruction in planning, production, marketing, farm mechanics, conservation of resources, food conservation, farm financing, farm management, and the keeping of farm and home accounts. Each veteran's farm, in turn, must be of a size and character that will keep him occupied full time, and that will provide him with practice in all aspects of farm management. It must also be sufficiently productive and well-equipped to insure him a reasonable standard of living when his training program is finished. The veteran is permitted to train while working on someone else's farm, provided that the person who employs him agrees to cooperate in his course of instruction.

When VA instructor Ralph Brandow first visited Ewald Meder's farm, he saw quickly what was wrong with it. He took Meder down a row of apple trees and pointed out little dried-up brown spots on the leaves—apple scab. Then they both looked through Brandow's magnifying glass and saw insects feeding on the fruit—red-banded leaf rollers. Meder had met two of his most deadly natural enemies.

Brandow then examined the spray rig with which Meder had been combating the insects and fungi. It was, as he had expected, inadequate. He suggested buying a new one, and in the meantime he showed Meder how to use the one he had more efficiently.

In four-hour sessions, one evening a week, at the Marlborough Central School, Meder came to realize how important a process spraying is. His classroom teacher, John Haluska, a graduate of the Cornell school of agriculture, identified the many enemies of growing fruit. He had slides showing the life cycles of insects, and explained at which stages they were most dangerous, and at which they could most easily be destroyed. Discussions from the floor brought forth the varied problems of Meder's twenty-odd fellow students. Then there were movies on spraying techniques, made at Cornell. The class paid a visit to Brandow's model experimental farm to examine new sprays and techniques. An expert from the Dow Chemical Company came to demonstrate the use of newly-perfected sprays.

As the course developed, Meder, like all of his fellow students, was put on a timetable. Planting, spraying, pruning, picking—each, he learned, had to be done at its own particular time in order to make way for the next process. A new season thus raised new prob-

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lems, each new problem a new classroom discussion, with its attendant slides, movies, farm visits, and visiting experts. Haluska encourages his students to bring up their own problems, and the course is anything but a series of straight lectures.

About the only subject that is not immediately coordinated with work in the field is "farm management." In the winter each student makes a detailed analysis of his farm from a business standpoint. He draws a map of his land, showing the output and amount of labor expended on each acre. In this fashion, he can compare his rate of production, on the basis of output per acre and per man, with those of the best farms in the county and state. He also examines marketing procedure. Haluska is all for getting as close as possible to the final consumer, and many students sell products to roadside stands. One enterprising young chicken farmer takes his eggs and dressed poultry into New York by truck every week. He himself built an icebox in which to carry them. Meder and his wife have started a small-scale jam business to increase their profits. Each student, of course, keeps carefully detailed books to record his transactions, and from these, too, he can judge the efficiency of his management.

In contrast to this concentration on management during the winter is the instruction throughout the year in how to maintain and repair equipment. The latter part of every classroom session is devoted to shop training, which, as far as Haluska is concerned, is the most important part of the entire course. Students bring tools and equipment to the well-equipped machine shop from their own farms. Although here again there is an emphasis upon meeting the needs of the moment, a more orthodox course-outline is followed. A textbook on tractor and machinery maintenance is used, and the students progress from the study of simple tools to that of more complex machines. The first year they work on small hand tools, and learn processes like welding. In the second year they study the maintenance and repair of such machinery as spray rigs, plows, and tractors.

Supplying students with sources of information is an important part of the course. They are told about the various government services, such as that provided by county agents, who give advice on seasonal problems and answer individual questions, and that of the Production and Marketing Administration, which partially reimburses farmers for carrying out approved conservation practices.

Haluska has been happy to find that the students are eager to put into practice the new techniques that come to their attention. After a visit from a county farm official, some of them signed up immediately in the soil-conservation program. Another time, after the class had seen a film and demonstration on crop spraying by air, two of the veterans hired a plane to try it out for themselves. The pioneers in such experiments bring back reports to the class, and earnest discussions usually take place. One week the topic may be the value of weed killers, the next week the best way to dig out a pond. Class time in Haluska's course goes quickly.

The only complaint that Meder has to make about the course is that it doesn't last long enough. In New York the On-farm Program is set up for only two years, and he is approaching the end of the second now. However, the State Education Department recently provided for an advanced year of work under the G.I. Bill, which will closely parallel the On-farm Program. If Meder is recommended by his County Veterans' Agricultural Training Advisory Committee, he may go on in the subjects he has been studying.

Meanwhile, in place of the sense of bafflement and the rundown farm he started with in 1947, he has a practical store of knowledge and a productive piece of land. His crop last year was a hundred per cent larger than that of the year before; it will, he hopes, be better still this year. The new spray rig that he bought, on Brandow's advice, has proved its value, and now he wants to buy a new and heavier tractor. He plans to clear and plant more of his land next year, and to diversify his crop more. His preserves have been bringing in a good supplementary income, and he is going to continue selling them to city stores.

Meder has had his difficulties and disappointments. The heaviest blow fell early this spring, when his farmhouse caught fire one night and burned to the ground. He and his family escaped unhurt. Now they are living in a flat that he and his wife hastily furnished in the top of the barn. They are waiting for the price of materials to come down enough so that they can build a new house. Although he will have been graduated from his course by that time, Haluska and Brandow will still be around to help him.

Up to this June, 510,301 veterans had taken part in the On-farm Training Program. This is a figure almost equal to the total of those enrolled in regular agricultural courses. The United States' present generation of young farmers will be the most-extensively-trained ever, because of the program. —Naomi Barko

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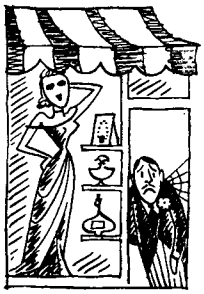
Europe

France and the British Crisis



There is no single French attitude toward the present crisis in Britain. Some Frenchmen are pleased at the plight of the British; others are alarmed by it; still others are pleased and alarmed at the same time. France is in a different position from most European countries: It cares less about sterling convertibility, because it is a debtor rather than a creditor of Britain, and so has no surplus pounds to convert into dollars. The French debt to Britain is still considerable, although recently the balance of trade began to swing in France's favor.

France has suffered, more than any other country, from the British austerity program. Before the war, France used to earn a good many pounds by the sale of luxury products—gowns, perfumes, wines, and liqueurs—and by the tourist trade. The Labour Government has put a stop to such frivolities, and with the exception of what is spent by strictly budgeted tourists, France has lost most of its British income. Britain's gradual social revolution is choking out the class of people who were formerly France's best customers. The upper-class Englishman of today cannot buy his wife's gowns in Paris and can barely afford beer and whiskey, much less French wines. French trade with Britain needs a drastic overhauling, for the "luxury business" with Britain used actually to be one of the mainstays of economic relationship between the two countries.

During the last six months there has been a lively discussion between Britain and France on their respective economic policies, and the British have made themselves somewhat unpopular by their insistent, dogmatic criticism of the French. Britons accused the latter of pursuing a grasshopper policy of living high and relying on international charity to make up for their deficit in foreign trade; and the Labourites, of course, compared this adversely to their own thrifty program. They lavishly predicted ruin, and laid the blame on the reluctance of Latins to discipline themselves. The British tourist in France, after a copious meal, sermonized his French friends on their self-indulgence. The high point of British unpopularity was reached when Sir Stafford Cripps, in dead seriousness, advised French vintners to plough under fifty per cent of their vineyards and plant carrots instead, because Britain was more interested in buying them. Sir Stafford's idea was practical, but anyone who has seen the pride that French vintners take in their business (or rather their art) can imagine their reaction to it.

Hence, when Britain had to admit that, in spite of austerity, planning, and self-discipline, it was in a situation more precarious than that of France, the French rejoiced vocally. The cheers had a note of malice, especially those of economists who remarked that they had predicted something of the sort from the start.

This reaction was not unanimous in France. A small but noisy group of Frenchmen—those belonging to the Socialist Party—were just as sad about the debacle as the British Labour Party was. The French Socialists have tried hard to introduce a planned economy. They have not succeeded—first, because they lack a parliamentry majority, and second, because they have no leaders like those of Britain, who, quite aside from any question of the wisdom of their policy, appear to be capable of carrying it through. Frenchmen of the same school have proved themselves to be mainly theorists, and the few experiments they have attempted have only discredited the idea of planning. The French Socialist Party has, for various reasons, lost a lot of its former influence, and its only chance of recovering some of it has lain in the hope that the British policy would turn out to be a huge success, and the unsocialist Belgian and Italian policies failures. Now, exactly the opposite has taken place. Of course, it would be grossly unfair to give either planners or free-traders all the blame or praise for what is happening in their countries. But the man in the street looks at concrete results rather than theoretical explanations.

Among those who rejoice over the British crisis are the French Communists. Nothing would have struck them a worse blow than the proof that a major power could make Socialism succeed without recourse to the forced-labor camp, the firing squad, and the rest of such paraphernalia. Still, the greatest joy is shown by those whom we

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may call, for want of a better name, the liberals. Without any one party having had a solid parliamentary majority, the general trend of French economic policy ever since the liberation has been, thanks to the struggle put up by the right, away from planning and toward economic freedom. Now, since this policy happens to have coincided with progressive economic improvement, its supporters find themselves able to say: "I told you so."

Passing from the reaction of the political man on the street to that of the French Government, we find a more complex and restrained attitude. Government circles, too, would be pleased if the coming election in Britain were to return the Conservatives to power. The Labour Party's nationalistic attempt to achieve economic self-sufficiency, and its superior attitude toward the non-Socialist part of the world, have deeply irritated the French. The French Government frankly prefers the Conservative approach to the problem of European collaboration, a problem with which, as Frenchmen, its members are seriously concerned, not for quixotic motives, but because joint economic and military action now seems to them the only insurance against another occupation and liberation. In spite of these political prejudices, however, the French Government is sincerely alarmed over the British crisis.

There is, to be sure, an ultranationalistic group, recruited in equal measure from old Pétainists and the followers of de Gaulle, that rejoices in Britain's discomfiture, because they think it gives France a chance to take over the leadership of western Europe. But this is a small minority. In general the French leaders realize that Great Britain, the Commonwealth, and the sterling area, in spite of all their weaknesses, are among the few stable props under a world that is still reeling from the effects of the last war; they admit that neither France nor any other nation has anything to gain from a British collapse.

So the French leaders' attitude is on the whole sympathetic: Although there is nothing they can do to ease the British plight, they do not want to see it worse. More and more of them agree with the British that the matter of sterling's artificial value is only one aspect of a much vaster problem with which the whole western world is

concerned, and that there is no use discussing sterling unless all the other facets of the problem are discussed too.

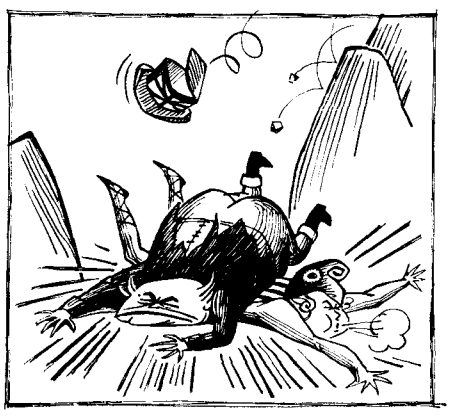
The British have indirectly tried to take advantage of this sympathetic attitude by attempting to persuade the French to form a common front with them in putting some pressure on the United States to accept various British solutions, such as raising the price of gold. France has turned down this invitation, and has also rejected a discreet bid from certain American circles to

gang up against Britain and force down the value of the pound sterling.

France would like to convince both Britain and the United States of the necessity for sacrifices from everyone in order to relieve the present situation, but it does not intend to be a party to the forcing of anyone's hand. This position may have been taken by the French because they know that they are too weak to impose any solution, or because they fear that, after a great show of obstinacy, the British and Americans may reach a separate understanding behind everyone else's back. In any case, they have chosen to follow a neutral path.

What the French fear most are the possible political repercussions of the present difficulties. They know that the sterling crisis, or, more properly, the crisis in the British balance of payments, is connected with the whole question of the present British social and political setup. Can Britain go on with its present program of social welfare, and at the same time keep up the relatively high living standards of its working population? Most Frenchmen think an affirmative answer is almost impossible. It is clear that if the British request is met, within the framework of the Marshall Plan, it can only be at the expense of France and the other European countries. This none of them are prepared to accept. Moreover, even if the British got their way, their needs would not be fully satisfied, because there would still be a deficit of several hundred million dollars in their balance of payments, and no prospect of bridging it. Only two possibilities remain: either that the United States will take on the British debt, which in Congress' present mood seems unlikely, or that the British must tighten their belts still further.

Are British workers ready to accept more austerity? The difficulties recently encountered by the trade unions in putting across the Labour Party's directive in regard to frozen salaries has led the French to believe that Britain's domestic situation is less stable than has been generally imagined. Perhaps the Communists have hidden strength within the unions. Or is it simply that the workers fail to understand why, under a Government run for their ben-



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efit, their lot has deteriorated? What the French fear is that Britain may be entering a period of political strikes, social unrest, and general instability, such as France has just been through.

So far in France salaries have been held down and the currency kept on an even keel, but the Socialists and many of the left-wing Catholics accepted this policy only on condition that prices be reduced. The French Government has managed to keep prices from increasing, but it has not been able to lower them appreciably, and is not likely to do so before Parliament convenes in October. Then, the question of freezing salaries is bound to come up; it has indeed already been opened in connection with summer-vacation bonuses.

Theoretically, it would seem only right to let French salaries rise. But is it possible from a practical point of view? Domestically, the first effect would probably be to send prices even higher, and to start a vicious spiral of inflation. In the realm of foreign trade, France is already in trouble because production costs are too high. This was relatively unimportant before full production was restored, but now that a buyer's market prevails, costs must be cut, and it is impossible to see how this can be squared with a raise in wages for the workers.

In France, too, it is doubtful whether it will be possible to avoid reducing present living standards. On the other hand, if salaries are not raised, it seems certain that another period of strikes and social unrest would follow. From such a state of affairs, only the extreme right or the extreme left stands to profit.

The French are resigned to the fact that a certain amount of trouble is inevitable. But they say that if this should coincide with trouble in Britain, then the general equilibrium of western Europe would be seriously affected, and Russia would be tempted to make some aggressive move. For a multitude of reasons, then, the French would like to see a settlement of the British problem. But their only contribution is a platonic one. A real solution of the British difficulties, and those of Europe in general, must come from another quarter. The most that the French can do is debate about it. Of this the French are much more keenly aware than they may seem.

—FLAVIUS

Greece

Whose Electricity?

In Greece the emphasis is not on reconstruction and rehabilitation. The job there is largely one of construction and habilitation; the prefix, with its implication that something that once existed is to be restored, is misleading. Before the war the Greeks had no economic pattern that would be worth re-establishing now. A former president of the Bank of Greece says that his country has not been self-sustaining for a hundred years. The ECA mission in Greece, then, is trying to help the country accomplish in a few years what it has been unable to do for itself in a century.

Greece is of about the same size and population as Illinois. There the resemblance ends. Eighty-three per cent of the land in Illinois is suitable for cultivation. Twenty per cent of the land in Greece is arable, and only a fifth of that lends itself to mechanized agriculture. Little is known about the mineral deposits of Greece. To launch a substantial industrial program, Greece, which has no coal, must develop new sources of plentiful and inexpensive power. There are lignite deposits in Greece, and some day fuel may be extracted from them, but this can be done only by a process that will take years to work out. Right now, power can come only from the rivers. Fundamentally, Greek economics is a matter of Greek electricity. The industrial future of Greece depends upon where, how, and by whom power is developed—whether it is to be centralized or decentralized, confined to the industrial zone around Athens or scattered where it can exploit more of the economic potentialities and absorb more of the manpower of this mountainous country.

The government in Athens has drawn up a Greek Reconstruction Program which calls for about a hundred and fifty million dollars as the initial outlay for four or five hydroelectric projects. Along with these the Greeks plan to establish, or expand, chemical, cement, fertilizer, oil-refining, and aluminum plants and other basic industries. The ECA mission in Athens has approved the blueprints in principle, but not in detail.

This program, much of which we are to finance, amounts to a little TVA for Greece. The entire enterprise—power plus the industries to use it—would almost certainly cost more than a billion dollars and would take a number of years. Before rushing into it next year—the crucial one for Greek reconstruction—we must make certain that this TVA is prudently planned, and that its benefits will extend to the greatest possible number of Greek citizens, and not merely to a handful of monopolists.

First, we have to settle the larger problem of how much and what kind of industrialization would be worthwhile for Greece. If we start this unindustrial nation off on huge, elaborate power projects, we run the danger of prodding it into something beyond its or our means. Greek and American authorities in Athens agree that Greece requires considerable industrialization, but they differ as to the kinds of industries, where they should be located, and how and to what ends they should be organized.

Not surprisingly, the ECA industrial division has been manned largely by advocates of big industry for Greece; some of them have even favored building steel plants in a country with no coal. The big-industry faction is apparently convinced that, for all its lack of resources, Greece can be transformed into a miniature American-style economy. Most Greek politicians, who are also fond of going at things in a big

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way provided cash is available for the asking, agree wholeheartedly.

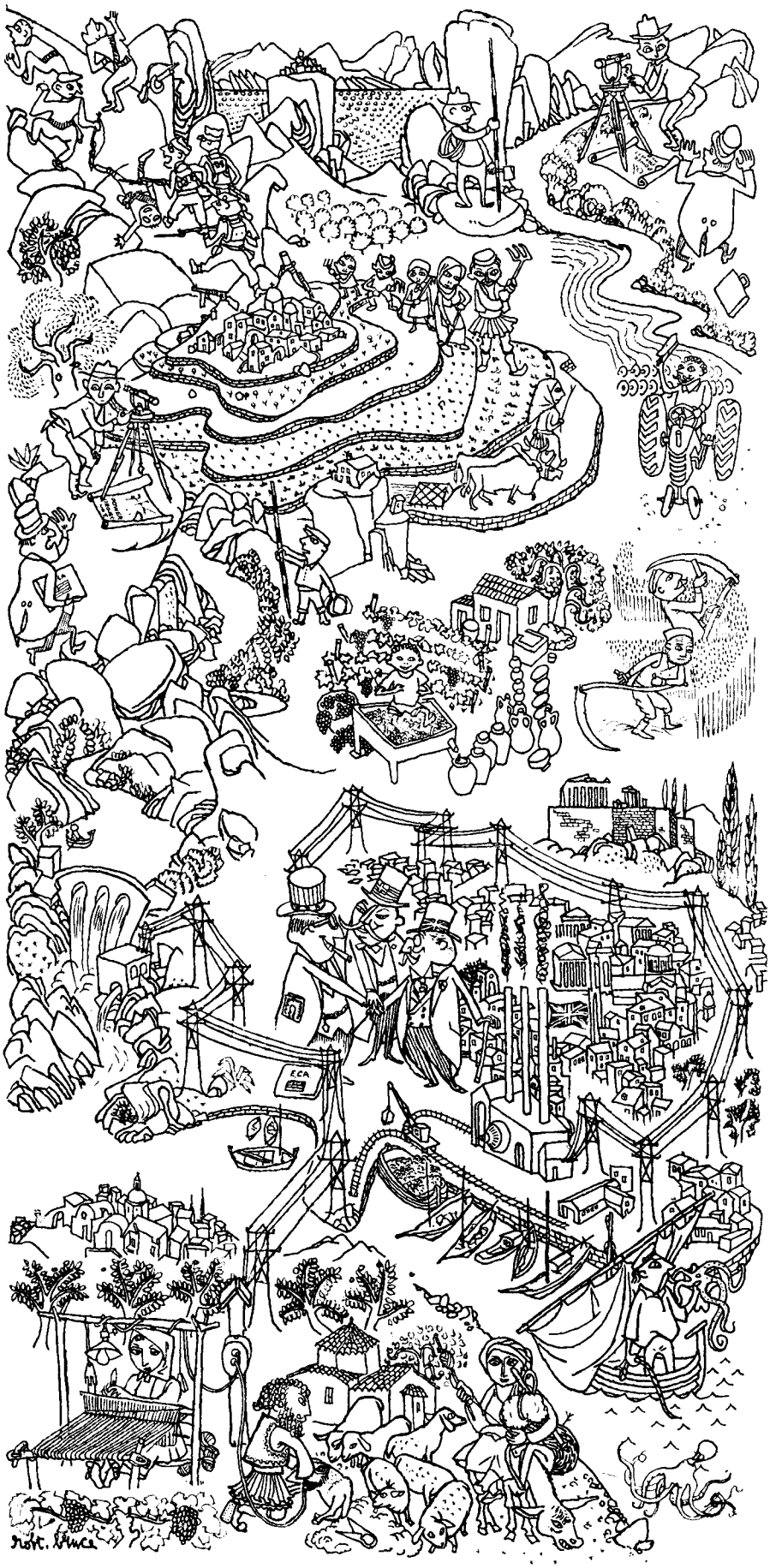
A number of ECA technicians and economists do not. They maintain that Greece would fare better with a multitude of small industries and handicrafts, suited to local talents and spread around the country. Heavy and highly concentrated industrialization, they say, cannot make the vastly excessive population of Greece self-supporting or anywhere near it. Besides, they warn, the industrialization of Greece will be a prolonged, delicate, and complicated process, which it would be disastrous to go into hastily or thoughtlessly. One ECA technician puts it this way: "We need a twenty-five-year program for Greece—not a two- or three-year program. It's a long-term job. Why don't we first find out why Greek industry now is operating far below capacity?"

Greek industry, as it exists today, presents many baffling and discouraging features. Production, according to government figures, is proceeding at only about seventy-five per cent of the prewar rate. The textile plants, which are banded into a monopoly, are operating at about seventy per cent of capacity, and are, for the most part, turning out luxury materials that few Greek consumers can afford. The manufacturers apparently fear that with full production they would have to bring prices down. Silk shirts, they find, bring bigger profits than cheap calicoes.

In general, Greek production remains far below capacity, and prices are so high that few people can buy goods that they urgently need. One reason is the bewildering number and variety of taxes. In many cases, the tax on unprocessed raw materials runs as high as forty-eight per cent. Then, there is an eleven-per cent turnover tax. As many as nineteen additional taxes are imposed on some finished goods.

A former director of the ECA industrial division in Athens says: "Between a billion and a billion and a half dollars should be adequate to create those industries necessary to make Greece self-sufficient—or at least to make a damned good start." The only place where Greece could acquire so much capital is the United States—not only from the government, but from private investors.

"A complete change of attitude here



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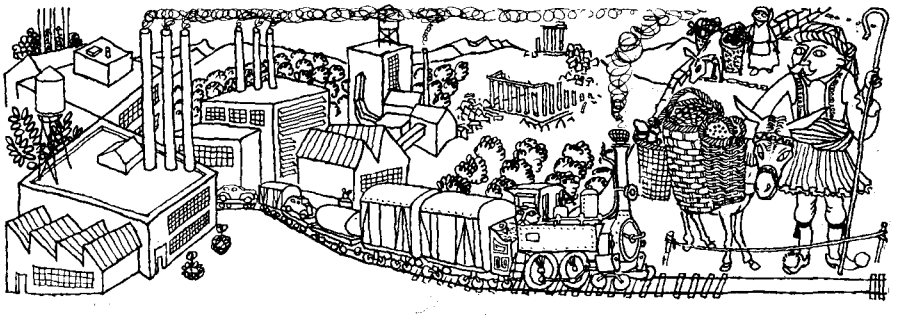
toward industry is necessary before you can industrialize Greece," the former industrial division chief said. Secretary of the Treasury Snyder stated the same idea, in a more comprehensive way, when he told a Congressional committee that the major responsibility for removing obstructions to American investments abroad rests with foreign governments themselves. The Greek government and press, which keep insisting that the success of the reconstruction program depends upon whether the United States provides enough cash, have so far shown no signs of removing the enormous taxation obstacles. Several ECA officials suggest that, as a first move, Athens should authorize a ten-year tax exemption for foreign investments.

The tangled threads of Greek industrial prospects and government policies are evident in the dispute over the hydroelectric plans. Last October, the ECA hired the Electric Bond & Share Company (EBASCO) to look into the soundness of Greece's proposal for five projects with a total capacity of 365,000 kilowatts. The three largest stations were to serve the Athens area, and the smaller ones were to serve the Salonika region and the Peloponnesos.



EBASCO recently issued an interim report, which has not yet been published. From all indications, the company's engineers have split along the same lines as the ECA mission. The majority were reportedly on the side of bigness—building the overcrowded Athens area into a sort of Monongahela Valley, neglecting or postponing the projects for northern Greece. The minority view was that with almost all of Greece's industry and a sixth of its population, Athens already dominates the country too strongly and throws it off economic and political balance.

The engineers and businessmen who favor small industry agree that Greece requires a few large key industries but believe that they should be located where they could spawn a host of small ones.

"If you build the small power plants first, and scattered small industries around Greece," an American businessman says, "you could get all the workers you needed—get them cheap—and increase the buying power of the entire people. We are never going to make Greece self-sustaining by piling up more factories, more political power, and more temptations for corruption in the Athens region." He points out that while the Greeks are usually unsuccessful at large ventures, they are remarkably capable small or medium businessmen, and ingenious craftsmen.

The announced purpose of the Greek TVA is to provide not only more but cheaper power, for without it, Greek industry cannot expand. The British-owned Athens-Piraeus Company, which all but monopolizes industrial power, charges extremely high rates—roughly four times the price per kilowatt in American cities. If the new power projects are brought into a national network headed by Athens-Piraeus, or if for other reasons they do not compete against it with lower rates, the purpose of the little TVA will be defeated. But the EBASCO report, according to reliable sources, contains the disturbing statement that lower power rates cannot be expected in Greece "in the foreseeable future." The only explanation given is that investment costs and fixed charges will be high, but the question is rather: Who will own the new power stations and how will they be managed?

If they were turned over altogether to Greek private interests, they would undoubtedly be swallowed up by Athens-Piraeus, which would mean high rates, and frustration of the broad industrial projects. The merits of public ownership, in a state as insecure, financially and politically, as Greece, are similarly dubious. The solution seems to be joint Greek and American, joint public and private, management.

Now, before the Greek hydroelectric projects get started, before the next appropriation to Greece, the United States and the Greek government must scrutinize and unscramble the whole Greek reconstruction program. Otherwise, our program of aid to Greece may turn out to be a waste of huge amounts of money.

Before we set about clarifying, and if necessary refashioning, our policy in Greece, we will have to increase the number of officials with special and technical skills in our mission there. ECA-Greece, which has never employed more than two or three first-rate economists, should have a small corps of them to concentrate on the total reconstruction task, while ECA men with business experience, accustomed to directing single corporations or banks, stick to the details.

The Greek rulers should, of course, be made to understand that the American government cannot do the whole job in Greece, that Greek and American private capital is essential. Before American investors can be tempted to enter Greece, the entire tax structure will have to be revised, and more profound anti-inflationary reforms will have to be put through to achieve a far greater degree of economic stability than there is now. The production of power or anything else must be preceded by a leveling-off of prices so that Greeks can afford to buy what is produced.

Perhaps the best thing for the United States to do, before it goes any further in Greece, would be to set up a sort of investigating task force composed of Congressmen and Administration officials with a keen sense of practical economics, and American businessmen with a highly developed national and international outlook. By its preliminary work, the committee could save the United States many millions of dollars. It could rescue Greece from eventual economic disaster. It could certainly bolster American prestige and moral authority throughout southeastern Europe. —L. S.

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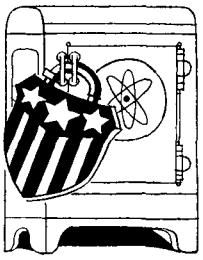
Atomic Bomb

Fear of Our Friends



The British officials arriving in Washington this month to discuss atomic energy will undoubtedly point out, among other things, that America has been slighting its Atlantic Pact allies in the matter of sharing atomic information. Whether or not this is the case, the Administration can, if it is realistic, use these talks as the occasion for a review of our entire policy on international control of atomic energy. It is obvious that our last stated policy—the Baruch Plan for an international authority under the United Nations—is as dead as the larger dream of cooperation with Russia.

Since 1945 the United States has operated on the assumption that some form of international control of atomic activities would have to be established. Until it is, the United States has decided to play a strictly lone-wolf role, and keep its military and nonmilitary atomic information entirely to itself. That is the main idea behind the McMahon Act of 1946, which set up the Atomic Energy Commission.

Even in default of international control, atomic isolationism of this sort cannot work, for three reasons:

First, none of the supposed secrets of atomic energy can be hidden away in a safe. Scientists have declared repeatedly that America may have a monopoly of specialized techniques and productive capacity, but not of the basic scientific knowledge needed to manufacture atomic bombs.

Second, the Russians undoubtedly possess the same basic knowledge that we do. They are almost certainly working overtime to perfect an atomic bomb of their own. Sooner or later they will succeed, and when they do they will not be subject to an international control agreement.

Finally, our atomic-energy project is not exclusively a product of American brains. Scientists of many nations contributed to the discoveries that made the atomic bomb possible. Britons and Canadians worked alongside Americans as full partners in the program until V-J Day.

After collaborating closely with the United States in the wartime application of atomic energy, Britain and Canada have, in effect, been excluded from the peacetime fruits of their labor by American secrecy. To be sure, there has been some exchange of scientific information, but it has been narrowly restricted by law. It has been inhibited, moreover, by such influences as the Hickenlooper investigation, which raised a great storm over the shipment to Norway of radioactive isotopes, tracer materials that are useful in medicine.

Other countries, however, have not been sitting still. Britain, Canada, and France have atomic piles, or furnaces, in operation, and Norway is experimenting with atomic energy. Russia probably is at least fairly far along. Britain announced in the spring of 1948 that it intended to launch its own atomic-weapons program.

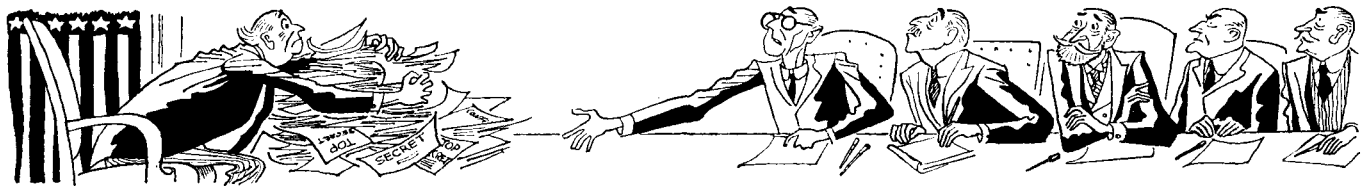
This was the background of a secret conference held last July by the President with Administration and Congressional leaders. They knew at the time that the British were dissatisfied with the degree of cooperation by the United States in matters of atomic information and materials. It is precisely because of recent atomic developments both in the West and the East that a revised American policy on the international aspects of atomic energy becomes imperative.

The choice before this country can be summed up as one between atomic cooperation with the nations of western Europe—a limited adaptation of the Baruch Plan—and encouragement of atomic nationalism.

Fortunately, the Atlantic Pact furnishes a framework on which to build the sort of cooperation we must choose in our own interest. The genius of the collective defense plan in the pact is that it implies a division of labor, with each nation contributing what it is best equipped to. The United States has assumed a responsibility for atomic weapons—not merely for itself, but for the collective entity.

In return for this defense guaranty, the United States has a right to expect a *quid pro quo*—to expect, in other words, that other participating nations will forego individual atomic-weapons programs. It would be senseless for them to duplicate, at fantastic cost, production facilities already operating in the United States. Most of the signers of the pact probably would be glad enough to agree to such a division, inasmuch as they do not now possess the capacity to make atomic weapons.

In Britain's case, however, there is



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a special consideration. The United States can seek to persuade, but it cannot tell, the British not to make atomic weapons. It may well be that, despite the commitments of the pact, the British feel that, for their own security they must have atomic bombs.

It is doubtful that Britain seriously hopes to manufacture bombs now. Recent power figures on the British atomic pile at Harwell indicate that at this stage it could produce, at the most, fissionable material for two atomic bombs a year.

But there is another factor. Most of the uranium now used by the United States comes from two sources—Canada and the Belgian Congo. British interests own big shares in the mines of the Congo. In this, the British have a whip hand over us, although there is no indication that they intend to use it. It is not unlikely that the real purpose of the British mission is to obtain already-processed fissionable material from the United States, with which to assemble Britain's own bombs and experiment for industrial purposes.

If this is the case, part of the British need could be met by a full exchange of military and industrial information. American atomic bombs could even be stockpiled in Britain, if this country retained ownership. With the stress on holding western Europe in the event of attack, it is highly improbable that such bombs would fall into enemy hands, and potential objections to the stockpiling could be minimized by regarding the bomb, as most military strategists now do, as an important but not an absolute weapon.

Of course, the same sort of obligation to exchange military information does not extend to countries which did not collaborate on the original bomb. In France, the head of the atomic energy project is Frederic Joliot-Curie, an admitted Communist, and there is no reason why we should collaborate on atomic weapons with him. At any rate, the nations of western Europe are already covered by the defense guaranty of the Atlantic Pact.

In the broader realm, however, it is in the American interest to enlist the widest possible exchange of nonmilitary atomic information with our allies in the pact. The application of atomic power to industrial use is one of the ways of building up the strong Europe to which we have now tied our fortunes. The objective ought to be an adaptation of the type of international control sought in the Baruch Plan. Such an arrangement would contemplate the eventual furnishing to friendly nations of denatured atomic materials, as outlined in the Acheson-Lilienthal report.

Legally there are many ramifications to a widened exchange of atomic information, and certainly any new policy must start with a revision of the McMahon Act. The problem for the Administration is to convince Congress that a change is called for. This may be quite a job, given the fear that prevails when anything atomic is mentioned. But the Administration has two important selling points:

First: Military collaboration with Britain and Canada and a broader exchange of industrial information with other countries will strengthen American defense. Such cooperation is the logical extension of the Atlantic Pact. Nor would exchange be one-way only; American scientists can learn a good deal from scientists abroad, even at this stage. The Canadian atomic pile at Chalk River, Ontario, for example, is superior in some respects to any pile in this country, and actually supplies the United States with some radioactive materials.

Second: American pre-eminence in atomic matters, on which our present policy is based, is diminishing every day. The logical development is a joint effort to evolve the best combined program possible, for reasons of our own security no less than the security of the cooperating countries.

Now is the time for the United States and western Europe to start figuring out what their positions will be when Russia produces a bomb. Then our primary reliance will be upon our lead in production. The need now is for reassessment, for political sophistication regarding the atom, and for abandonment in this field of the neo-isolationism that we have already discarded elsewhere.

In the last analysis, atomic security consists of a combination of scientific brains and productive capacity—in other words, keeping an edge in ideas and techniques. Here, as in the whole structure of the Atlantic Pact, real strength lies in unity.

—Robert H. Estabrook

On Shifting Strategy

". . . as things stand now, we may regard with equanimity the threats, or even the warlike gestures and advances, of any powers anywhere in the world, provided we have a few atom bombs and the means of using them. This situation will quickly pass as the scientists provide all and sundry with the new weapons and counter-measures against them."—Sir Arthur Harris, wartime Commander-in-Chief of the R. A. F. Bomber Command, in *Bomber Offensive*.

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Washington

The Five Per Centers

When the odors of perfume-oils had cleared away after the first phase of the Senate Investigations Subcommittee's inquiry into the operations of Washington Five Per Centers, it became apparent that what the hearings had really amounted to was an advanced seminar in political science.

With the possible exception of John Maragon, the committee found no one who had broken a law. What it did find was a part of the story, one that has not penetrated into civics textbooks, of how our government often has to operate.

This was one reason for the somewhat breathless press and radio coverage of the affair. Another, of course, was that the trail, with exciting frequency, pointed straight to the President's military aide, and to the White House, where he hangs out. But, again with the possible exception of Mr. Maragon, neither General Vaughan nor any of the other principals was caught in anything more than gross indiscretion.

On the other hand, small businessmen, originally held up as the goats of the five per cent system, testified that they had usually benefited from it and were on the whole well satisfied with its operation. One of them, who had paid James Hunt five thousand dollars for a single day's work said he would eagerly do it again.

The conduct of the investigation in its first phase was almost a model—certainly a model that the Messrs. Hickenlooper, Nixon, and Rankin could profitably study. Senator Clyde R. Hoey, Chairman of the Investigations Subcommittee, deliberately kept the hearings in his small, regular meeting room, in an effort to avoid the carnival atmosphere of the Caucus Room. He allowed photographers all the pictures they wanted when a witness first took the stand, but he banned the shooting of flash bulbs during testimony, and he also banned television lights. It was not his fault if the circus atmosphere was not kept entirely out of the proceedings. Throughout the hearings Senator Hoey was judicious, restrained, and dignified. Occasionally he had to rap the knuckles of committee member Karl Mundt, an alumnus of the House Un-American Activities Committee, who apparently began to learn with some surprise that there was more than one way to run an investigation.

Hoey's investigations raised two basic questions. Nobody in Washington ever expects to find a basic answer to either of them, but something might be done to clear them up around the fringes.

First, just how can citizens do business with their government when it gets as big as it is now? It buys about ten billion dollars' worth of supplies and materials a year. So complex are its channels, strata, and demarcations that no businessman could learn how to plot an infallible course through the proper agencies in less than two or three years. From such a study he might get the know-how of doing business with government. But it is no reflection on governmental integrity to say that know-how would even then avail him less than know-who.

Second, what can be done about those who are helped, either by Five Per Centers or government officials, and who then make substantial campaign contributions to the party in power? General Vaughan testified that he had passed along to the proper party officials several thousand dollars that came from various persons whose paths through the government maze he had smoothed. This kind of pay-off looks like an easy way around the laws against bribery. But neither Vaughan nor the President saw anything wrong with it. The practice, of course, is neither new nor confined to the executive branch. For example, the four Democratic members of the Senate Labor Committee who conducted campaigns in 1948 got contributions totalling $54,442 from labor organizations.

Most of those who have been closely associated with the investigation frankly admit that there probably is no ready answer to these two problems. So far as the Five Per Centers are concerned, a few things can be done, and some already have been done. The Defense Department has established a central office where small businessmen can get information on government procurement directly. The Commerce Department has a similar office, which it is now expanding. But the inherent defect in all such schemes as these is that the offices themselves soon become tied up with the same red tape and bureaucratic buck-passing that drive businessmen to Five Per Centers and "management counselors" in the first place.

General Services Administrator Jess Larson told the committee that Defense Secretary Louis Johnson was disturbed because Five Per Centers themselves were already using the small business office which he had set up to drive them out of existence.

Larson and Johnson together have worked out procedures that are designed to disclose the activities of Five Per Centers so as to enable procurement officials to determine whether or not improper influence has been used. But if the officials themselves are parties to the influence—as they would usually have to be if it were effective—the system breaks down. Government procurement is also being decentralized geographically, so that businessmen will not have to come to Washington, where they are likely to become dazzled by autographed photos and the use of

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nicknames. The Five Per Centers, removed from their present milieu, might find the going considerably harder. But there are limits to decentralization.

Senator Hoey is working on legislation which would require the Five Per Centers to register and disclose certain information about themselves and their clients. Senators Karl E. Mundt (R-South Dakota) and Homer Ferguson (R-Michigan) have already introduced such a bill. Five Per Center James V. Hunt himself proposes legislation along the same lines, but Hunt would prefer that the measure stop short of requiring disclosure of financial information.

There is considerable logic in extending the rules that govern lobbyists before Congress to those men who do their lobbying in the executive branch of the government. The lobbying analogy can be pressed too far, however. Hoey has repeatedly pointed out that the main service of the Five Per Centers to their clients is not to influence decisions but simply to *expedite* them.

None of these suggestions, as their authors freely admit, meets the problem of "influence"—of high officials who are willing to use their positions to do favors for friends without violating any of the laws against bribery. But this problem is an inevitable concomitant of any form of government. As the investigating Senators are rather embarrassedly aware, most of the case histories they have turned up have close parallels in their own files of favors done for constituents.

So long as this sort of "influence" does not transgress the bounds of propriety (and no one who's been around Washington long is willing to define those boundaries, in this case, with any precision), the general feeling is that it does no harm. An occasional Congressional investigation, even if it turns up no first-rate scandal, serves the commendable purpose of clearing the air and keeping the record straightened out.

"What burns us up," Larson said to the committee, "is some joker going down to the Mayflower cocktail lounge and throwing our names around."

This is a regular part of the Five Per Center's client-luring technique. Over and over again, the committee heard how Hunt magnified routine actions of government officials into examples of personal friendship and pull. He got some letters, addressed "Dear Jim" and signed "Herman," from the Army Quartermaster General, but containing only information available to anyone who cared to ask for it. These letters he passed along to clients, as evidence that he had an inside track.

The moral, so far as government officials are concerned, and as Committee Counsel William Rogers pointed out to Quartermaster General Feldman, is that the officials have to be very careful to take no action that could be construed in this manner.

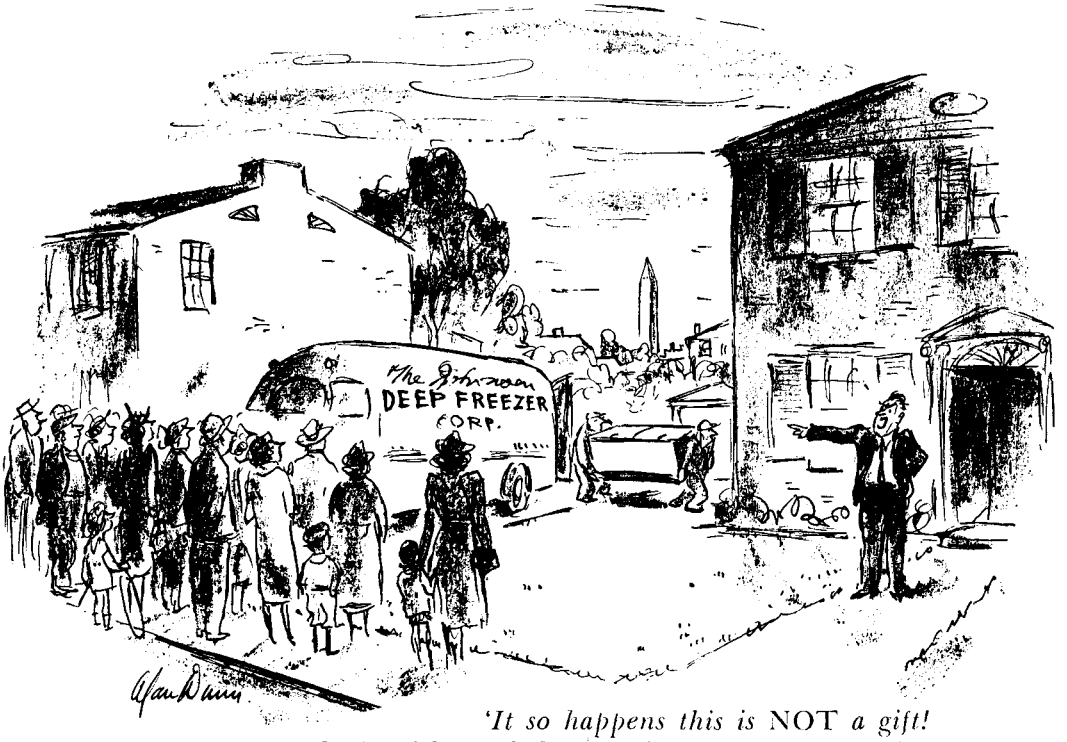
There might also be a moral for Senators in Hunt's client-luring. The collection of pictures on the wall in Hunt's office included Senators Margaret Chase Smith and Joseph R. McCarthy, both members of the Subcommittee. In Hunt's files was a warm note of thanks, addressed "Dear Jim," from Mundt. The note, Mundt explained, was in reply to a letter from Hunt congratulating him on his election. Hunt's letter was addressed "Dear Karl;" so, said Mundt, "my staff assumed I knew the guy—I never saw his letter." Perhaps legislation against promiscuous first-name-calling is needed.

The committee quickly discovered that there is a very fine line between using influence to expedite a decision and using influence to get a *certain kind* of decision. General Vaughan swore that he never brought pressure to bear on anybody to decide a case in favor of the person on whose behalf he was acting. All he ever did, the General said, was either to ask for information or to urge that a decision be made one way or the other. Under persistent questioning from Senators Mundt and McCarthy he denied that his repeated requests for decisions could be construed as requests for favorable decisions.

"You don't think they were construed as urgings for an unfavorable decision, do you?" asked Mundt.

"You represent the White House," McCarthy said. "Don't you see that an official down the line is going to think the White House wants a question decided a certain way when you interest yourself in it?"

Vaughan didn't see. —P. H.



'It so happens this is NOT *a gift! I bought it with good, hard cash and I can* prove *it!'*

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Inside America

A Day in the Country

Wide World

By ten o'clock Sunday morning, September 4, when I arrived in front of the United Office and Professional Workers' New York headquarters on 30th Street, a crowd, made up mostly of gaunt middle-aged men and their gray-haired wives, had begun to gather. A sharp-faced young woman passed back and forth shouting: "Get your tickets to Peekskill if you expect a seat on the bus. Two dollars for the round trip. There won't be any lunch there so you'd better buy some now before the bus leaves."

As she sold me a ticket she didn't ask whether I was a member of the union, nor why I wanted to go to the concert by Paul Robeson at Peekskill, New York, sponsored by the Civil Rights Congress. The previous week, its program had been broken up by combative anti-Communists. I was going along to report on this second try.

Soon after ten, younger people began to arrive, dressed mostly in picnic clothes, the girls wearing bright scarves. I got into conversation with a loquacious girl standing near me, and found out that her name was Marge.

"If the union says get here at ten, you can be sure the buses won't leave for two hours," she said. "They've never started anything on time in their lives."

No buses had appeared, but a police patrol car was parked just down the street, and a couple of photographers were standing alongside it. Before long, the crowd had grown to nearly two hundred. There were more women than men, and a few had brought their children.

Marge introduced me to her companion, Rhoda, a dark, muscular girl, who was talking about Marshall Tito.

"A couple of my friends from Michigan, who used to be liberals, were trying to defend Tito the other night. They had to admit, though, that they couldn't get the real facts out there, when I showed them Starobin's article in the *Compass*."

By this time three buses had swung around the corner and drawn up alongside the union headquarters. A short, husky man in a T-shirt came out of the office and asked all the men to come inside for a minute. We filed in without saying anything.

In the meeting room the husky man asked everybody to sit down. Then he said, "I just want to divide you up so that there will be an equal number of men in all the buses. I'll count you off by three, and everybody be sure and remember his number."

He started to count, but there were a great many objections, because some of the men had come in groups and didn't want to split up. When this was settled, we all got up to go back out to the sidewalk.

Shortly after eleven the buses moved off, with the police car leading the way. Quite a few passengers were standing, or perched on seat-arms. When our bus, the third, turned the corner and started up Broadway, a large Negro woman named Winny, who was an organizer for the union, got up and announced that she and a fellow named Tom were in charge of the bus.

"If you have any questions, ask us. Don't bother the driver," said Winny.

"What's the driver going to do while we go to the concert and get our heads bashed in?" asked a friend of Marge's named Evvie.

"He's a nice guy," said Tom. "He can come listen to the concert, too."

Winny drew out a song sheet from her canvas bag.

"What about a few songs to work up our morale?" she called out loudly. "We'll start with 'We Shall Not Be Moved.'"

All the passengers sang the first stanza loudly, but began to falter on the following one. Winny stopped them.

"Here's a new stanza just for today. I'll read it to you and then we'll all sing it.

Robeson is our leader
He will be here today
Robeson is our leader
He will sing today

"Then the regular chorus:

Just like a tree planted by the water
We shall not be moved

Everyone sang the new stanza.

"That's the first time I ever heard *today* rhymed with *today*," said Marge.

"Best rhyme there is," Evvie answered.

By the time the bus passengers had finished off "Solidarity Forever," the bus had reached Columbus Circle.

Winny now got out a sheet of paper, and instructed everyone to sign it and

Wide World

Scruff of the neck

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put his local union number on it, together with how many hours he wanted to work in the American Labor Party primary. When the sheet had made the rounds there were only about fifteen names on it. Winny irately started it around again, saying that everyone was supposed to sign whether he wanted to work in the primary or not.

The New York police dropped out before we left Manhattan Island. We were unescorted till we got to Dobbs Ferry, where a motorcycle cop picked us up for a while. This caused general excitement. Ruth, a pretty little secretary in her early twenties, couldn't keep a quaver out of her voice.

"I just had to come, but I'm scared to death," she admitted.

"Were any of you up there last week?" asked Tom.

No one answered.

"It's the same old story," he said. "We knew there was going to be trouble, but you can't get anybody aroused until after it's happened."

As we reached the outskirts of Peekskill, there were signs that our arrival had been prepared for. An American flag was hung on almost every house. Here and there small identical signs were tacked up. At first none of the passengers could make out what they said, but after a while one of the men shouted excitedly.

"'Wake Up America—Peekskill Did.' Why, those fascist bastards! They're bragging about what they did last Sunday."

Further on, clusters of people had collected along the roadside staring at the procession. One bald-headed man peered belligerently at each passenger as the bus slowed down. Passengers and townsfolk watched each other, but no one said anything.

The bus came into open country again, and some disorganized singing started. Winny decided that it was time for a bit more leadership.

"Okay, you folks, let's show a little discipline. There won't be any more singing. If you have anything to say, keep it to yourself."

"Say, Winny, can't we even smile at these people?" someone called out.

"All right, all right, don't try to be funny," said Tom. "We aren't going to do anything provocative. They're just waiting for us to start some trouble."

The bus passed more and more policemen; local cops in blue uniforms, state highway patrolmen in motorcycle outfits, and state troopers in dark gray with large light gray ranger hats. They beckoned the buses along.

Soon the road began to grow more crowded. The bus was obliged to stop for long periods, and then to move haltingly. The passengers were restless. It was nearly two.

"Why don't we get out and walk?" said Evvie. "I don't know about the rest of you but I came out here to hear a concert."

No one made any effort to get out, however. At last the bus moved ahead rapidly, coming to a section where the road was solidly lined with people, six and seven deep on the embankment to each side. For almost two hundred yards the bus passed slowly between these ranks, with just a few feet clearance on either side. The people outside were shouting, screaming, and shaking their fists. Police stood at frequent intervals holding them back. Many of the boys were making obscene gestures. Pretty girls were by their sides, shouting, "Go back to Russia, you dirty Commies!"

Wide World

Rough passage

The passengers in the bus didn't shout back; many of their faces were frozen into forced smiles. As we passed through the crowd, the woman ahead of me began talking to her four-year-old daughter, slowly, as if she were telling a fairy tale.

"See those people, Robin? They think because they're white that they are better than other people. Remember what I told you about those people who are trying to put those eleven men in jail? Well, these people are just like them. They are bad people. Also, most of them are not Jews so they think Jews are not equal to them."

Little Robin clutched her mother and stared out the window. It was hard to tell whether she was frightened.

Suddenly, the bus turned through a gateway and went down a slope. Young men wearing overseas caps with "Committee" buttons fastened to them waved us to a halt. As the passengers filed out, Ruth, the young secretary, was crying.

We hiked down the dusty road toward the bottom of the hollow in which the event was to be held. We saw the concert guards, strung out on the slope above, parallel to the avenue which skirted the grounds, and approximately two hundred feet back from it. Up on the avenue, separated by a fence from the grounds, the veterans' parade could be seen—a shiny helmeted band, Legionnaires in their caps and shirt sleeves, and groups of boys and young men in ordinary dress. They were marching back and forth, led by a motorcycle which backfired steadily, and, it was obvious, by design. Crowds lined the far side of the avenue, cheering the marchers.

The concert guards, wearing overseas caps, some in khaki shirts, some without shirts, stood three feet apart, hands on hips, silently facing the parade. Here and there small groups of reinforcements were stationed, waiting their turn at guard duty.

Down below, the huge crowd attending the concert was seated. Its members were sprawled about in the grass directly under the hot sun. There were at least fifteen thousand in all. Beneath a big oak tree was the speakers' platform, which consisted of the rear of a large open truck, with a grand piano on it.

The program had already begun. Howard Fast, the master of ceremonies, was introducing the guest of honor. At the mention of Paul Robeson's name, the crowd went into wild cheers, which were prolonged over several minutes. Up on the avenue, the paraders answered with boos, catcalls, and blasts of their band instruments, but the noise did not penetrate the depths of the basin. Now Robeson appeared.

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New York Daily News

A state trooper holds back the Welcome Committee

After a few words of tribute to "that great American and fighter, Howard Fast," Robeson started to sing. His first number was the Negro spiritual, "Go Down, Moses." He stood braced against the piano, one hand to his ear so that he could hear his own voice above the roar of the state police helicopter overhead, the steady drum beat on the avenue some two hundred yards distant, and the regular blasts of motorcycle exhaust. The amplifier picked up his voice well, bouncing it against the summit of the slope.

Robeson said very little. Once when he was preparing to sing an aria from the Russian opera, *Boris Godunov,* he prefaced it by saying that "this opera shows the unity and strength of the people of that land, shown later in their effort to form and build a free world." There were cheers from the crowd.

The concert lasted only about forty-five minutes. Halfway through, Fast made an appeal for funds:

"Every dollar which you give today will fight for freedom and against the un-American filth walking up and down on the road up there."

Some of the men in the audience went up and joined the guards for a spell. The paraders had stopped marching by this time. Here and there boys gathered, shouting taunts at the guards. Policemen moved up and down the road, dispersing them, but they quickly reformed in different places. One large, well-built young man kept yelling:

"Come on up, any ten of you. I'll take you all on at once, you yellow-livered bastards."

From among the concert-goers a voice called out.

"Oh, dry up, will you?"

Quickly a half dozen guards turned around and cried:

"Shut up, you hero!"

By a quarter of four the concert was over. A man on the platform directed the audience to return to their cars and buses and await further directions. At his announcement, the disbanded marchers on the road above began to race toward the gateway that was the only exit from the grounds. A boy shouted as he ran: "First one out better have his insurance paid up!"

By five o'clock, a line of cars was strung out along the dirt road leading out of the grounds. State troopers and highway patrolmen were stationed just outside the exit, pushing the crowd back. Finally, the signal was given and the first car started to move out.

At once, a small bespectacled man dashed toward the car, arms flailing. As he came up to it, an arm shot out of the automobile window. Fist and chin met. The car drove off while the police picked the man up from the ground, and led him away.

Several cars made it through the crowds and disappeared down the road. A shower of bottles came sailing over the heads of the policemen and landed on some of them; those who had thrown them were quickly dispersed. As each car passed, one of the deputies gave it a resounding slap with his billy. Soon a steady stream of cars and buses was moving off the grounds.

Back in Bus Three, the passengers were growing restless. Our driver hadn't reappeared. A few passengers were all for getting out to look for him, but Winny exhorted them to stay in their places. After a long time, a committee member came over and announced that some of the bus drivers had gone into Peekskill for lunch and hadn't come back. He asked if anyone had a bus-driver's license. Walt, a social worker at a school for delinquent children, said he did.

"All right," shouted the committee man. "All men get off this bus except Walt. Only women, children and Negroes will go. We've got to get them out of here first."

A call went out to a couple of neighboring buses, which also no longer had licensed drivers to send over their women, children, and Negroes. Only a few appeared, so all of the original men passengers were able to crowd back on board. Just as our bus pulled out of the grounds, one of the girl passengers screamed and pointed to the car drawn up directly behind. A gray hat-

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ted state trooper had yanked its driver out and was beating him over the head and body with his billy. Other troopers were fanning out down the slope where the remaining cars were lined up. No one knew exactly what provocation the driver behind us had given. Far down in the hollow the remaining guards were huddled together, waiting for transportation.

The girl kept screaming to Walt, the driver, to halt the bus. One of the men grabbed her and threw her to the floor to silence her.

"Go ahead," he shouted to Walt. "Let's get out of here."

The bus had slowed down. Now it picked up speed. About three hundred yards down the highway, a shower of stones smashed into the side, shattering four windows. More women screamed, and a baby who had been brought aboard by one of the new women passengers began to shriek. Everyone dropped down onto the floor, except the driver.

A little way down the road, the bus was stopped by a state trooper.

"Are you the authorized driver of this bus?" he asked Walt.

Walt replied that he was not, but that the driver had not returned, and he had a bus driver's license. All the passengers remained on the floor. After a few minutes, the patrolman motioned Walt to go on.

A mile or so further on, more stones were hurled at the bus. Three more windows were smashed. A shower of glass sprayed over me and the girl next to me.

Someone grabbed a newspaper to cover the broken window. It was the *Daily Worker*.

"Don't use that, for God's sakes!" shouted Marge. "Hasn't anyone got a copy of the *Herald Tribune*?"

The bus was careening along the highway. Walt, it turned out, had never driven a large bus before. Several times he swerved too far to the right and sideswiped guard rails along the narrow road. Once, passing a parked car, the bus scraped along its entire length. Walt started to halt the bus to look at the damage. The passengers shouted for him to keep going.

By now, it was totally dark, and the bus had got fairly well out of the Peekskill area. Most of the passengers had quieted down a little, and were back in their seats. No one attempted to open a window, even though the inside of the vehicle was sweltering. Men and women sat silently, staring out into the night. The baby had stopped crying. All along the road there were people on porches and lawns, watching the scarred buses pass.

Around eight-thirty, Bus Three lumbered into Hartsdale, and was once more stopped by highway patrolmen. Several other buses were already there, many of them even more severely battered than ours. One bus had three gaping holes in the windshield, directly ahead of the driver.

"We have a message that four buses were stolen," the officer said. "You'll have to wait here until we can check."

Some passengers suggested that everyone be allowed off the bus to buy Coca-Cola at a nearby shop. Winny refused to permit it.

"Come on," she pleaded," let's show a little discipline. Wait right here in the bus and we'll get back safe."

"Damn it to hell!" a woman shouted, "if I hear that word discipline one more time, I'm going to scream."

"Why don't you just say 'Show a little inertia,' Winny? It's the same thing," suggested another.

After a half hour the patrolman returned to announce that Walt would not be booked for driving a stolen bus, but that we would have to leave the machine in Hartsdale. He said that there was a railroad station a half mile away.

The passengers of Bus Three filed out to join groups from the other buses. They were huddled around a young fellow wearing a committee cap.

"Now, if we just show a little discipline and good humor, we'll get back to the city in no time," he was saying.

The passengers began to drift in small groups down the street toward the railroad station. On the way they passed an elderly couple on the lawn in front of a house, watching.

"Look at the way those people walk," the man said.

Tom turned and spat.

"It's the old bastards like them who incite the younger ones," he said.

The local from White Plains came through Hartsdale at ten-thirty. Bus passengers got aboard and scattered through it, some wearily reclining on the seats, others still wide awake and talking noisily. A group sitting in the last car had a guitar and started to sing "Bandiera Rossa," the song of the Italian Communists.

In Bronxville, a portly middle-aged man wearing a sports jacket got on the train with his wife and daughter. He glanced quizzically at the singers, who had started on "Solidarity Forever." Then he nodded to his wife.

"Commies," he muttered.

After a while he started singing "The Star Spangled Banner" very loudly. His wife giggled. The other singers heard him and stopped. Then they joined in with him, soon drowning him out. One of them gave a signal, and they all stood up and removed their hats while they sang. The man in the sports jacket quit singing.

By the time the White Plains local pulled into 125th Street, the concert-goers had finished "The Star Spangled Banner." Most of them were lying back, trying to sleep. Some got off at 125th Street. The rest rode on into Grand Central. Before long they had all disappeared in the direction of the subway stations. —D. C.

Wide World

Gantlet: Retreat under fire

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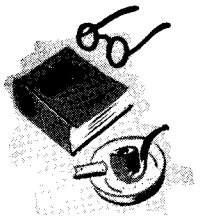
Books

'The Vital Center'



Liberalism in the United States has traditionally found its devil among the conservatives. Perhaps the key to the present times, however, and certainly the key to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s new book, *The Vital Center* (Houghton Mifflin, $3), is that the liberals' devil is on the left. Not that Mr. Schlesinger lets the businessman and the conservative go altogether unscathed; he makes some pungent and devastating remarks about them. A footnote quoting David Hume (some of the book's more telling points are in its footnotes) sums up the matter: "When a man of business enters into life and action," wrote Hume, "he is more apt to consider the characters of men, as they have relation to his interest, than as they stand in themselves; and has his judgment warped on every occasion by the violence of his passion." But this is by way of preface. The book really gets down to business when it begins to assail the false liberalism of the far left.

The author's aversion to Communism is well known; no one of his generation has spoken with more vigor, or with more exact knowledge, on the subject. In these pages he is remorseless in his criticism of Russia, and of Russia's flickering shadow, the Communist Party of the United States. But his attack goes far beyond these, beyond the dupes and fellow travelers, to take in all of those American liberals whom he lumps under the epithet of "Doughfaces."

What is a Doughface? A hundred years ago there was a wing of the Northern Democratic Party that refused to turn against the South: Its members were "northern men with southern principles," and were called "Doughfaces." Mr. Schlesinger finds all around him today "democratic men with totalitarian principles"; and for these he reserves the barbs that will undoubtedly provoke the loudest outcry.

The totalitarian principles of the false liberals are usually neither conscious nor avowed. They derive from an unrealistic optimism, which in its early stages commits the Doughface to fanatical support, for example, of the Loyalist cause in Spain; which at first induces him to deny that the Communists are active in such a venture, and then, in its extreme manifestations (when Communist influences can no longer be ignored), persuades him that Communists can do no wrong. In the disparity between the "sentimental abstractions of the Doughface fantasy and the cruel complexities of life" he finds the chief explanation for what he calls "the failure of the left."

A preoccupation as intense as Mr. Schlesinger's not infrequently leads to one form or another of extreme reaction. Yet the chief characteristic of the book is its ruddy, buoyant philosophic health. Mr. Schlesinger appears somewhat surprised himself that he should be feeling so well, when by all indications he should be groggy and morbid. The reason, as he sees it, is that he and his generation were starting their intellectual journey when Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal was at its height, and when in Soviet Russia the shabbiness and brutality of the Soviet system was beginning to become apparent. The discovery of the truth about Russia "was not, for most of us, a process of disillusionment for which we had to pay the psychological price of a new extremism. We were simply the children of a new atmosphere: history had spared us any emotional involvement in the Soviet mirage."

Lucidity and a sense of disentanglement characterize all of Mr. Schlesinger's arguments. To be free of fantasies about Russia but not to be filled with hysteria; to be aware that no purely economic formula can cure our ills, and yet to see in economics a strong tool to advance man's cause; to know the uses of government power but not to be in love with power for its own sake; to be open-minded and eclectic; above all, to have the will to act, even when actions must be based partly on ignorance and partly on hope—these are all marks of the liberalism he expounds. It is a kind of liberalism which could not have existed in the present time until Russia was seen in its true light.

The author's attitude establishes the mood for a new liberal movement in this country; it also suggests a necessary orientation. Mr. Schlesinger escaped the ambiguities surrounding the word liberal by locating himself in the "non-Communist left" as it has been made concrete in the Socialist and labor governments of western Europe, and reflected by the Americans for Democratic Action in this country.

In international affairs, a policy and program is evolved more or less explicitly from this orientation; Mr. Schlesinger can describe in detail the changes that came over the State Department when it finally became aware of Europe's non-Communist left. But what of domestic policy? Apart from general agreement on civil rights (and even in this field there are disagreements on method and tactics) there is no accepted program to guide the liberals. Certain general principles may be agreed upon—that the state, for example, "should aim at establishing conditions for economic decisions, not at making all the decisions itself." Beyond that there will be experimentation with various forms of regulation, ownership and control, pervaded by a constant feeling for "the strength and variety of tools in our economic kit."

Mr. Schlesinger sets today's liberals

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off on the right track. But the question remains whether liberalism does not require more definite guideposts—some tests for action more deeply grounded in philosophy and principle.

If Mr. Schlesinger had written an ordinary book of the leftish variety, setting up maximum employment and a rising standard of living as the ultimate social goals, the means he might advocate would have little importance, apart from their technical value. But Mr. Schlesinger's book is not ordinary. It is infinitely more subtle, more searching, and more profound than the run of contemporary political discussions. His analysis is based throughout on the realization that the free citizen is seeking to supply a basic lack, that he is groping for a minimum of spiritual satisfactions and rewards. In supplying this lack, in winning these rewards, the means and implements of liberalism are all-important.

The main reason Mr. Schlesinger sees for today's vast upheavals and smoldering discontents is the absence of the institutions which once gave color and meaning to life. Industrialism broke down a social order in which man had felt at home. Fascism emerged as one deceiving answer to his subsequent rootless existence. Communism also derives its appeal from its promise to fill the void. Democracy, if it is to win out in the struggle, must succeed where Communism is bound to fail. "We must somehow dissolve the anxieties which drive people in a free society to become traitors to freedom. We must somehow give the lonely masses a sense of individual human function, we must restore community to the industrial order."

With this great end before us, the vagueness of liberal methods is disconcerting. A high level of employment and protection against wild gyrations of the economy are themselves essential to restoring the morale of the modern citizen. But they are not enough. If liberal politics is to have meaning in the present age, it must reach down into the neighborhoods and associations where men live, making economic welfare something more than bleak hospital-like security.

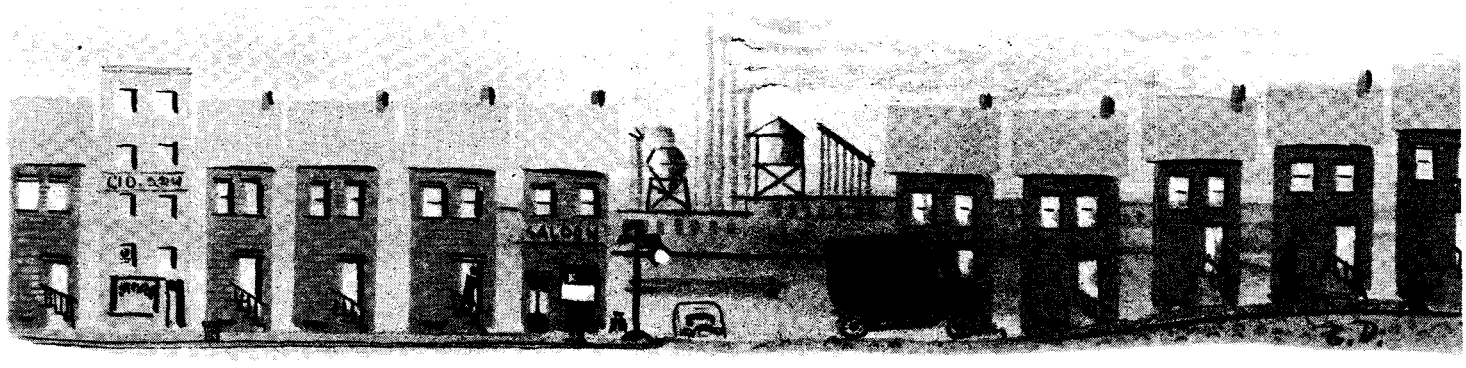
Monopolistic labor unions, however

much they may have improved the workers' lot in material terms, do little "to give the lonely masses a sense of individual human function." The unions are still blighted by the curse of the industrialism which gave them birth. Yet the non-Communist left withdraws from consideration of this problem. Industry-wide bargaining and uniform wage rates certainly work against the smaller cities and communities, where some remnants of a coherent social order persist. Government spending, considered in terms of money, is not going to ruin us or lead us to dictatorship; but considered in relation to the total economy, it may reach a point where it undermines the variety, the inventiveness, and the play of conflicting forces which are all marks of a free society.

In short, there are distinctions, there are limits and degrees, which the non-Communist left cannot leave out of its discussions. Mr. Schlesinger seems to hope that the native soundness of the liberals will keep them out of danger. He reacts instinctively against excessive centralization; he denounces the fetish of public ownership; he decries the exaggerated government regulation "which intoxicates the bureaucrat, paralyzes the businessman, and too often ends in the capture of the regulatory agency by the interests to be regulated." His enthusiasm and his faith may be contagious; but these sound instincts, to be communicated, must sooner or later take the form of working principles.

Some readers, knowing the author's role in Americans for Democratic Action, and thinking of him as the foremost interpreter of Jacksonian democracy, may take the passages on man's homelessness as mere rhetoric, and still believe that any program is all right provided it springs from the Democratic party and is sanctioned by the large labor unions. They will be doing an injustice to the book. They will be forgetting that before writing about Jackson, Mr. Schlesinger wrote sympathetically about Orestes Brownson, the nineteenth-century American theologian and philosopher, with his passionate despair in the face of early industrialism, and sad realization that political power in the hands of the people cannot by itself assure a just social order. *The Vital Center* expresses one phase in the intellectual development of an unusually spirited and gifted mind; the creed it sets forth must be taken as one stage in the forward and ever-changing march of man's hopes.

—August Heckscher



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Contributions

The Reader Reports

The articles appearing on these pages were contributed by readers in response to the theme question:

How would you present the case for democracy to people who have been brought up under totalitarianism?

'Tendency to Wither'

It might be interesting to turn the coin for a moment and consider how the case for totalitarianism might be presented to the democratic mind. When the question is put this way we, as democrats, feel the weight of the illogic, since we are, for the most part, secure in our convictions. I suggest the totalitarian is at least as secure in his.

This should not be a startling or repugnant conception of the problem, especially if we look into the growth of our own democratic tradition. It took many hundreds of years before the middle of the eighteenth century for the beginnings of a democratic tradition to take hold in an undemocratic, but by no means totalitarian, society. It was a slow, laborious, intellectual process, flaring brightly but briefly only in 1776, 1793, and 1848. For the rest, the democratic tradition took time and labor to digest, and never really became endemic outside of Britain, France, the United States, the Lowlands, and the Scandinavian countries.

Democracy is not a salable article and never was a very easy commodity to export. It is a native, indigenous affair, a product of what Carl Becker called "the climate of opinion" of an age and a place. The democratic tradition has not positive vitality simply because it exists, it only has vitality and expansive life as long as the opinion of the age demands it. And this is not, sadly, an age of democracy.

In America today we are not fighting the good fight, the horizonless proselytizing advance of the eighteenth century. We are fighting hard to hold on to what we've got, and even in our country this fight is taking a toll of our freedoms. We cannot hope to present a convincing case for the democratic process when the process shows a tendency to flag under the measures that seem necessary for its own defense.

REESE E. PALLEY
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Catalogue Bombardment

We think too much about Russia and not enough about the United States. Communism has never yet won a popularity contest. The people of the world don't want Communism. They don't want American bureaucracy, either. I don't think they are any more interested in hearing speeches by Truman than they are speeches by Stalin.

What we have that they envy is our industrial production. If the Russian people were allowed to discover in what comfort and luxury the average American family lives, they would make the National Association of Manufacturers look pink.

If we could print five hundred million copies of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue in the Russian language, with an introduction by Mr. Truman in which he would say that this book contains pictures of the conveniences, comforts, and niceties that make up the daily life even of the poorest American family, and if we could find the way to scatter those catalogues all over the cities, towns, and crossroads of Russia—that bombardment would shake the Kremlin to its foundations and destroy the men within.

BRUCE BARTON
New York City

A Polish Boy

The most effective case for democracy presented to at least one American was provided by a Polish boy who came to this country in 1937. His rostrum

Instructions to Reader Contributors

Theme: *"A democracy limits political power to protect the rights of the people: What limitations do you think are the most effective?"*

1. All contributors should state the question to which the letter is in answer.
2. Letters should not exceed four hundred words.
3. Contributors are asked to print name, address, and occupation.
4. Contributions should be addressed to Reader Contributions, *The Reporter*, 220 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.
5. Contributions to be printed will be selected by The Editors.
6. Each contributor whose letter is printed will receive a check for $25.00.
7. All contributions, whether printed or not, will become the property of *The Reporter*.
8. All contributions on this issue's question must be postmarked not later than October 4, 1949.

Reader contributors are asked to follow instructions carefully in order to avoid confusion between contributions on the theme-question and regular Letters to the Editor.

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was an Army cot on a coral island in the Pacific, and his most effective selling point was a consuming desire for American citizenship—a desire that put a sparkle in his eye and hope in his voice when he talked about it.

To that Polish boy, American citizenship meant more than wealth. It meant that he never again would have to hesitate about collecting an express package for fear the package was filled with "subversive" literature and was an arrest trap. It meant that when he returned to Poland for a visit as an American, he would have a new prestige. It meant he wouldn't "go to bed afraid and wake up afraid." It meant many things, and it meant all things to be a son of a democracy by adoption.

So far as his friends in the Army knew, the Polish boy had never had any formal instruction in the advantages of a democracy. He had memorized the oath of citizenship and the inscription on the Statue of Liberty. Full shopwindows in New York had impressed him; the camaraderie of an Army unit pleased him; the free discussion of politics at a miniature town meeting organized by some bored soldiers amazed him; his participation in the war was the source of deep satisfaction to him. Nobody, least of all native Americans who couldn't see the forest for the trees, taught that boy anything about democracy—he taught us.

The most effective kind of instruction in democracy is not by pedagogy or by rote. New Americans from totalitarian countries have been bombarded with propaganda before, and for them a normal reaction to planned instruction would be mistrust. The most telling case for democracy can be formulated through the examples of Americans fortunate enough to have inherited democracy by birth. Unless those Americans exhibit tolerance and other virtues that give substance to their birthright, less fortunate citizens from abroad will be disillusioned. Once we Americans realize and appreciate our heritage, the problem of teaching will have been solved. Meanwhile, democracy's sons and daughters should be trying to perfect their performances as true democrats. It will help, of course, to get prompted from the wings occasionally—by a Polish boy, for example.

JAY JENKINS
Raleigh, North Carolina

Letters

To The Reporter

Another Stand

To the Editor:—"From Where I Stand" in the August 30th issue of *The Reporter* seems to me to demand comment. It is so delicate and sentimental in style and content that it might very well ensnare the unwary reader in this approach to the problem of the nature and causes of racial prejudice. When a college-trained Negro woman—starry-eyed and justly proud of the struggles of her mother to keep her family together—suggests that the solution of racial prejudice in America is to be found in the modification of the behavior of Negroes so that they can become more acceptable to whites, it is time to look at this argument in its contemporary and historical perspective.

The assumption that the victims of prejudice are denied the fundamental dignity of human beings because they are different does not stand the test of even superficial analysis. Since the freeing of the slaves in America, the main concern of prejudiced whites has not been that of helping the Negro to become better educated, to prepare himself to learn more skills and to hold better jobs, to live in better homes, and to become a more constructive part of American society—contributing his skills to the welfare of the whole. Rather, the very attempt on the part of Negro leaders and some enlightened whites to encourage the Negro people to move toward these goals has been met with the most barbarous forms of racial violence in many regions of our democratic America. At times it seems as if the main goal of the prejudiced white American is "keeping the nigger in his place."

Many of the more dramatic recent cases of racial outrages perpetrated against Negroes in the South—reported in the Negro press, which apparently Mrs. McComb does not read—involved the killing of Negroes or driving them from their homes because they had become too prosperous for the comfort of their white neighbors.

The outstanding historical example of the fallacy of the assimilationist approach is to be found in the barbarous and tragic destruction of the lives and property of German Jews under Hitler's Nazism. It is now almost trite to point out that the German Jews were the most assimilated—in the constructive use of the term—of minorities to be found anywhere in the pre-Hitler world. This, however, did not save them from the full venom of prejudiced minds in a fundamentally prejudiced society.

In spite of the sentimental feelings of college-bred, refined, colored people, their middle-class assumptions that prejudice can be removed or appreciably ameliorated by the Negro's modification of his behavior is nothing more than prayerful wishful thinking—probably mixed with not a little racial self-contempt. The problem of racial prejudice is not essentially a problem of the behavior or patterns of adjustment of the victims of prejudice—except in so far as these are consequences of the existing prejudice. The problem is fundamentally a problem of the lack of maturity, the lack of integrity, the greed and frustrations of the perpetrators of prejudice. It is they who must become assimilated into the forward-moving currents of mankind.

Certainly this letter is more harsh in tone than is "From Where I Stand." Realism, unfortunately, has a way of often being somewhat harsh.

KENNETH B. CLARK
New York City

To our Correspondents

We are grateful for the thoughtful and complete answers that subscribers have made to the questionnaires we sent them. Through these answers we have been able to measure our readers' reaction to the magazine as a whole as well as to certain specific features. And now we want to say something about *Letters to the Editor*. All letters are sincerely welcome. We count on them to create the close relationship between Editor and Reader that is indispensable if a magazine is not to be written from an ivory tower. But there is a further step by which that relationship can be made more active and useful. It is with this in mind that we will welcome with special interest and appreciation letters that comment on some particular *Reporter* story, or idea or writer—even if such correspondence leads to debate.

—The Editors

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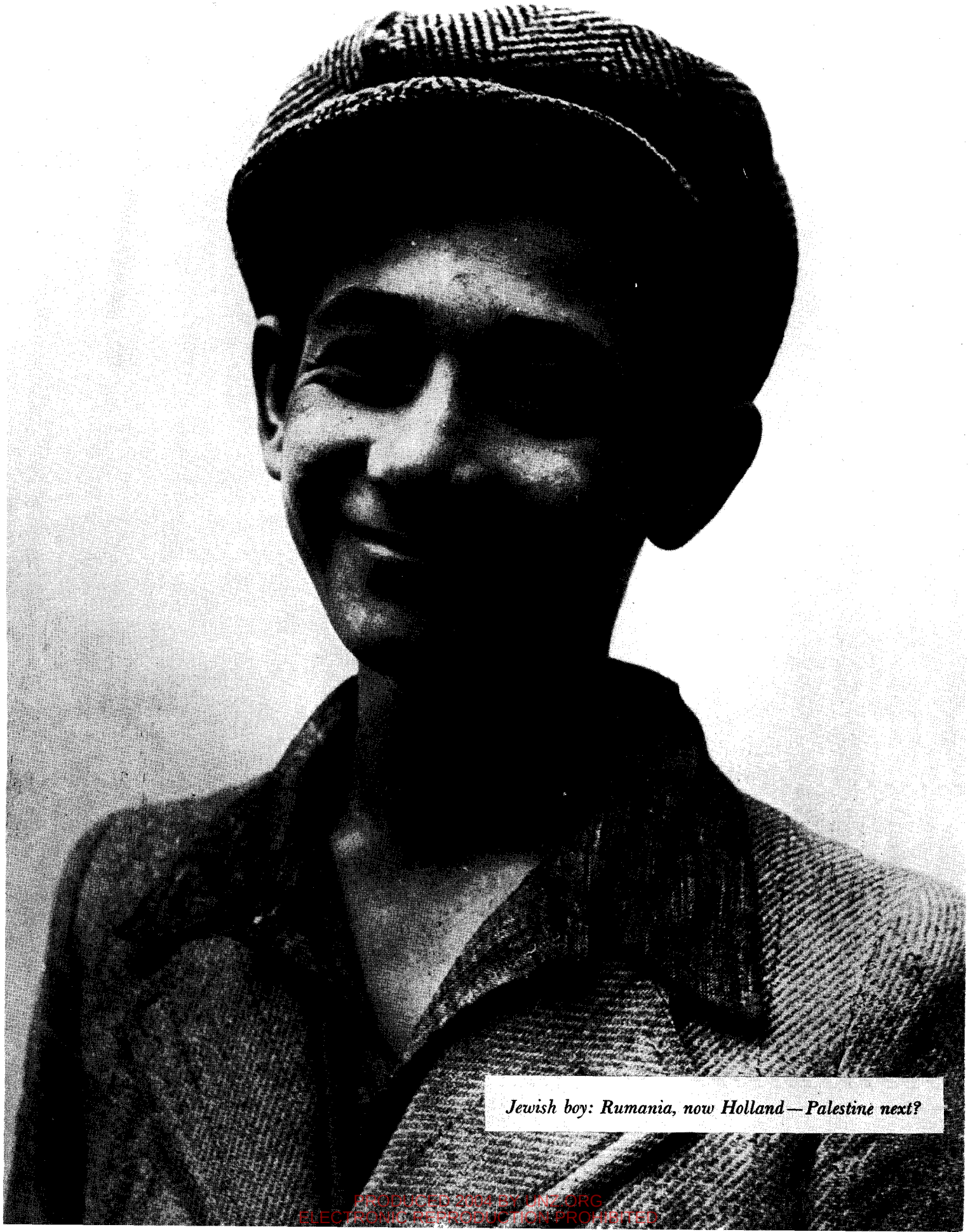

Jewish boy: Rumania, now Holland—Palestine next?

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Next Issue

Is it like a weed that grows up again to choke the flowers in Europe's pretty little gardens? Is that Germany? By war, and the conditions we imposed in victory, we atomized Germany's political and material structure. Four and a half years ago there was no German system left, no plan for any system. Now, with our encouragement, under our auspices and control, Germany grows vigorously again.

THE REPORTER, October 11, 1949, remembering the Allied failure after the First World War, remembering the Weimar Republic, surveys Germany's present rebirth as a state and asks the question: Can we afford to be perfectionists? Can we expect the German people to present the world with a perfect democracy, the will for peace, and the brains to ensure it? Or shall we demand only that theirs should be an interim government not committed to the lunatic purpose of world conquest?

The Reporter

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